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NATION

SEPTEMBER 4, 1967 35 *cents*

KENTUCKY'S COAL BEDS OF SEDITION
PAUL GOOD

TV Editorials: Brave & Free?
VICTOR H. BERNSTEIN

Upheaval in a Chinese Village C. P. FITZGERALD
Third-Party Expectations CYNTHIA L. ADCOCK

●

San Francisco Guerrilla Troupe ROBERT F. SAYRE

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Views of JOHN BERGER, PAUL BOWLES, UWE JOHNSON

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LETTERS

Land Between the Lakes

Knoxville, Tenn.

DEAR SIRS: I am surprised and shocked that *The Nation*, in John Egerton's article, "TVA: The Halo Slips" [July 3], should lend itself as a vehicle for land speculators and promoters seeking to capture for their personal benefit values created entirely with public funds.

TVA's "Land Between the Lakes" is a bold and imaginative plan to utilize a historically undeveloped and depressed land area, isolated by two man-made reservoirs, to create a recreation-conservation-education facility unique in the nation. The concept has been highly praised by various experts in this field who have studied the plans and visited the limited operation now under way. . . .

The reluctance of the average property owner to leave his home to make way for public improvements is understandable. The property owners that Mr. Egerton depicts as heroically resisting the intrusion of government, however, are those who sought to make quick killings with the inflated value of land in the midst of a publicly financed project. If *The Nation* seeks to support their cause, it should have been frank enough to further identify Mr. Egerton as the son-in-law of George Bleidt, one of the real estate promoters who have fought the hardest to retain the right to secure windfall profits on 440 acres of land he and his wife own in the middle of the project. Mr. Egerton himself owns tracts in the area totaling 130 acres which he did not purchase until after the project had been announced. . . .

Frank E. Smith
Director, Tennessee Valley Authority

Nashville, Tenn.

DEAR SIRS: I have not tried to conceal my personal involvement in the Between-the-Lakes controversy from anyone. It seems to me that Mr. Smith's complaint is beside the point. The central issue is whether or not the story is accurate; I believe that it is, and I am willing to defend it. In gathering my information I interviewed Mr. Milliken in person and Mr. Smith by phone; they stated their case, and I reported it. I also interviewed, and subsequently quoted, some of the area residents (but not my father-in-law). I believe my story is a fair and accurate account of TVA's handling of the project. It will be interesting to see what other specific complaints Mr. Smith raises; if they are more directly relevant to the contents of the story itself, I would welcome and appreciate the opportunity to answer them.

John Egerton

U.S. concentration camps

Mesquite, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: I presume you people are aware of the facts in a book by Charles R. Allen, Jr., entitled *Concentration Camps USA*, but I doubt that many of your readers are aware of it. These camps are said to be located at El Reno, Okla., Florence, Ariz., Tule Lake, Calif., Wickenburg, Ariz., and Allenwood, Pa.

The book is available from Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties, 22 East 17 Street, Rm. 1525, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Mrs. Lee Dresh

Debsiana wanted

Fort Wayne, Ind.

DEAR SIRS: I am assembling the letters of Eugene Victor Debs, since and during his prison term in Atlanta during World War I. . . . Those who have such letters and wish them included in the book will find them well cared for and returned promptly after being copied. The decision to do this has been approved by the Debs Foundation in Terre Haute.

Charles Francis Drake

EDITORIALS

The Big Issue

Over the years since 1945, the Executive has steadily encroached on the powers of Congress in the area of foreign policy and the use of the armed forces. This has not been entirely a matter of Presidential usurpation. Changes in military technique have played a part, as have the hazards growing out of the cold war. A primary factor has been default in exercising responsibility by both the House and the Senate. Even while the Senate is preparing to reassert itself, only three members (Gruening, Morse, and Stephen M. Young) voted against the $70.1 billion defense appropriation bill, to which will be added further undetermined costs of the Vietnamese War. The most emphatic legislative protest against the war would be to refuse to continue to finance it, but only three Senators, against eighty-five, were willing to brave the accusation of "letting down our boys."

Nevertheless, the Senate now shows readiness to react against what amounts to Executive dictatorship in initiating and carrying on wars without leave of Congress. The tentatively successful fight to curb the Pentagon's arms peddling through the Export-Import Bank, the Congressional outcry over the Administration's dispatching of transport aircraft to the Congo last month to support the Mobutu government, and the present embittered discussion of the Tonkin Gulf resolution, are indications that the legislative worm is beginning to turn. If it chooses, it need not be a worm at all.

Mr. Johnson, through his mouthpiece, Nicholas de B. Katzenbach, has probably overplayed his hand. Mr. Katzenbach told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that when Congress passed the Tonkin Gulf resolution in August, 1964, it had authorized the President "to use the armed forces of the United States in whatever way was necessary." Sen. Albert Gore demurred—did then the resolution authorize war with China? Katzenbach retorted, without naming China, that the resolution did have that force. ". . . in the course of that authorization," he maintained, "there can be risks, there can be risks taken. Other people could be involved. You could have that situation arise."

Many Senators now feel that they were dragooned into supporting the Tonkin declaration—as indeed they were, but as much through their own qualms as through the President's aggressiveness. They were not pleased to hear that if the present bombing operations on the border between North Vietnam and China result in war between the United States and China, or if such a war should break out through some future military probing by our armed forces, they would be held to have acquiesced by a hurriedly passed declaration now three years old. They were brought face to face with what Sen. Eugene McCarthy calls a "prescription for dictatorship" on a four-year basis with Congress having no right to interfere with anything that the President, as Commander in Chief of the armed forces, feels like having them do. As if to rub salt into the wounds, Katzenbach chose to testify with heat, bordering on arrogance; the usual amenities

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of discussion in a Foreign Relations Committee hearing were quite discarded.

Nor has Mr. Johnson done anything personally to cool things down. On the contrary, at his press conference of August 18 he challenged Congress to withdraw the Tonkin resolution if it felt that the Administration had acted unwisely or improperly. This is much like a man who has endorsed another man's note being told by the borrower (who has squandered the money) that he can rescind the endorsement. It is like the other remedy—impeachment of the President—which exists only in theory.

Nevertheless, with the mood now welling up in the Senate, there are indications of a determined effort to put some restraint on Mr. Johnson's war-minded Administration. Pending before the Senate is Senator Fulbright's resolution, which in effect complains that the President is overcommitting the United States militarily and neglecting opportunities to make peace in Vietnam. The resolution would have no substantive effect, but it would constitute a strong, formal criticism of the procedures under which foreign policy is currently made. Some Senators feel that the Fulbright remonstrance may pick up as many as thirty-five or forty votes. If so, wavering Senators may come out more strongly against the present embroilment in Southeast Asia.

If only supine resistance is offered, a *de facto* dictatorship may be in the offing—if it is not here already. An American dictatorship need not follow the European pattern, with salutes, slogans and enormous assemblages of fanatics. But it can be just as lethal to democracy.

Pentagon Euphoria

One of the most dangerous aspects of the present situation in Southeast Asia is the Pentagon's idiotic reaction to the "silence" in Peking. By what computerized intelligence does the Pentagon know that at some level of provocation Peking will not intervene? The same euphoria, the same confidence, prevailed on another occasion—in Korea. In that episode a very experienced field commander proved to be badly mistaken in his judgment of Chinese intentions. Is there any reason to believe that lesser men are wiser or more perceptive?

Those who know something about China are deeply impressed by Chinese scientific and technological achievements. The notion that the internal turmoil in China has somehow incapacitated the Chinese military is a dogma that needs to be closely examined. It now rests on assumptions and impressions that may prove to be misleading. In the meantime, the Pentagon's jaunty confidence builds up hawkish sentiment in Congress. A Pentagon spokesman recently said that the situation in Vietnam had "the smell of success" to him. In most comment from responsible reporters in the field, it has the smell of defeat, in the sense of stalemate which all America's military power cannot overcome.

The net effect, so far, of the decision to move bombing to a distance of 10 miles from the Chinese border, from 25 miles previously, is the loss of two more U.S. aircraft and three pilots dead, with a fourth in Chinese

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hands. This is a stupid and callous waste of manpower. The aircraft, unarmed, single-engine Intruders from the carrier *Constellation,* were carrying heavy bomb loads, perhaps the maximum of 18,000 pounds apiece. Their best speed is 650 mph. This means that neither in maneuverability nor speed can they match MIG interceptors, yet a single minute of flight may take them through the 10-mile border zone and into China. It is a prescription for trouble for the pilots and whatever may result from border violations. If the Pentagon's clairvoyance regarding Chinese intentions is no better than this kind of mission planning, the odds against war between the United States and China are shortening.

One Nervous Victory

One reason the Senate doves are so ineffective is that they are such *ad hoc* birds. Today they are anti-militarists; tomorrow they aren't. As a group they show very little courage and not much more consistency. Witness their fluttering confusion in the debate over whether to permit the Pentagon to use the Export-Import Bank for selling arms to underdeveloped nations via secret loans. An amendment blocking such sales was opposed by ten or so Senators—the likes of Hart, Hartke, Robert Kennedy, and McCarthy—who, on the subject of Vietnam, take the soft line. With their vote, the amendment would have passed.

To kill the amendment, the Administration had put around the rumor that if it passed, this nation would not be able to sell arms to Israel (ignoring the fact that under the Pentagon-Exim Bank arrangement, as it presently exists, we have sold three times more arms to Arabs than we have to Jews). Wayward doves refused to understand that the amendment would have absolutely no effect on Israel, whose average annual income of $1,000 hardly groups it with the Latin American countries, where per capita income drops to $200. It took a week of cloakroom argument by relatively steadfast peacemakers such as Clark and Morse to persuade the dove defectors that, as Morse put it, "the Administration is throwing the word 'Israel' around to do an erroneous propaganda job."

Fortunately, when essentially the same question that was raised on the Exim Bank bill came up again on the Foreign Aid bill, nearly all the doves had been coaxed into returning to the peaceful side, and the Pentagon's arms traffic with poor countries was voted down.

Chalk up one nervous victory. But what about next time? Why, for instance, is Senator Clark getting support only from Ohio's courageous old man, Stephen Young, in his fight to keep the Pentagon from embarking on the useless deployment of the Nike X anti-ballistic missile system which Secretary McNamara says will cost the country $40 billion? For more than a year Clark has struggled privately to get Robert Kennedy to join him in opposing this Pentagon madness, but Kennedy refuses to do so. Most of the other doves are just as reluctant.

It is, of course, a politically dangerous position for Clark or any other Senator to take. It puts him in a head-to-head tussle with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and he is handicapped in marshaling his argument against the anti-missile system because most of the information is classified. Even more important, it throws Clark up against the powerful NASA contractors, who are frantically seeking a new boondoggle outlet now that the moonshot is losing its appeal. They can't turn to building more offensive nuclear missiles, because the country has more than enough of those already, so the contractors want the anti-missile system begun, and, with the Pentagon on their side, they are stopped only by the budget for Vietnam. Once the Asian budget can be reduced, they will be off and running—and heaven help the politicians who try to stand in their way.

So far only Clark and Young have shown any willingness to do so. Out of a 100-man Senate, that is a mighty small flock of consistent doves.

Dealing Out The Poor

Probably the most repressive social-welfare legislation in thirty years is now before the Congress. The House has passed by a vote of 415 to 3 a series of amendments to the Social Security bill designed to deal with the rising public-assistance rolls.

The new provisions include the following: a freeze on the federal reimbursements to the Aid to Dependent Children program based upon the proportion of poor children who received assistance in January, 1967; a cut-off of federally reimbursed relief for adults over 16, including mothers with small children, who refuse to accept work or training; a cut-off of *any* welfare assistance to individuals receiving unemployment insurance, no matter how little; and a cut-off of assistance to men who have not shown substantial participation in the work force (i.e., who have not been employed for a year and a half out of the last three years).

Suggestive of the moral sentiments which inform this legislation is a provision which requires states to establish programs to track down fathers, "using all laws applicable to obtain support for children. . . ."

Moderates are confused by some alleged welfare rehabilitational measures included in the bill, such as federal reimbursements for day-care centers, and provisions for work incentives to recipients which would allow them to keep a portion of their earnings. While in themselves these measures are desirable, they pale beside the enormity of the proposed repressions, which no doubt they are intended to make more palatable.

The new "reforms" are clearly designed to deal with rising welfare rolls. The rolls are, in fact, rising because of the mass migration of poor black people to the cities, where welfare practices are somewhat less restrictive than in the rural South. Minor gains in welfare notwithstanding, the movement of so many poor nonwhites to the cities has not relieved their suffering, as the riots show, but it is spawning a wide range of repressive measures like the present legislation. Cutting already meager welfare benefits is certain to bring more suffering, and the wisdom of such measures now is certainly doubtful.

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Student Power at College Park

College Park, Md.

The New Left delegates wanted to talk about their entanglement with the Central Intelligence Agency—and with the government in general—but a majority of the 1,300-odd delegates to the National Student Association's 20th Congress (August 13-26) dispensed with that subject almost immediately. After a few perfunctory speeches by the officers, who overplayed their loss of innocence to the point of dullness, the student leaders got down to business in the University of Maryland's cavernous Reckord Armory. The radicals continued to tell them that NSA was "undemocratic" and "unrepresentative," and that it should be replaced by a student union with direct dues-paying members. But the delegates rejected even most of the mild internal reforms suggested by the officers. They were much more interested in turning outward—to the campuses.

For the first time in NSA's history, in fact, they began dealing with the issues on which the organization can take meaningful action. NSA Congresses in the past have voted through policy stands on a plethora of issues ranging from Vietnam to the draft. This year, the delegates urged that NSA back those judgments with programs that involve students on a large scale. They reduced the number of issues to be considered and emphasized the mandates.

The subject of greatest concern was "student power": the role of the students in running the university. The delegates passed almost unanimously a strong resolution that demanded total authority over rules on housing, student activities, visiting hours in dormitories and other matters of "solely student concern." The resolution urged the faculties and administrations to give them "joint control" over grading systems, policies on administrations and financial aid, hiring and dismissal of faculty, course requirements and curriculum reform. And it provided for a legal aid fund to finance challenges in the courts.

In an anti-draft resolution, the students voted to "organize and support resistance" to Selective Service with an ambitious program of legal aid, counseling and fund raising on member and nonmember campuses. On "black power," they urged "unification" of all blacks in America entirely by their own leadership, and liberation "by any means necessary." Many of the liberals objected to these last four words because they appeared to condone, as one put it, "any sort of violence, any sort of insurrection." But the Negro delegates, an estimated fifty of the 1,200 delegates, persuaded the Congress that the words would mean violence only if white society failed to meet the needs of the ghetto. After a threatened "black walkout" and a bitter debate, the resolution passed intact. It urged the whites to "educate" middle-class white communities, organize poor whites, and explain the concept of black power to their fellow white students.

By the end of the legislative plenary sessions, most of the delegates were no longer worried by the question of "representativeness." They believed—probably quite correctly—that most of their contemporaries on campus were apathetic and apolitical, and very little concerned with being "represented" on such matters. NSA's role would not be to express the thinking of students, but rather to spur and lead it. The CIA publicity, they contended, had strengthened the organization because it had allowed NSA to break clearly with the agency and, as NSA vice president Richard Stearns put it, "any publicity is good publicity." Since February the organization has attracted sixty new member schools and has lost only one, pushing its total school membership to 334. NSA would have to mobilize students, as NSA president W. Eugene Groves said, "for specific interest."

Spurred by their concern with Vietnam, the students were asking more and more radical questions—not just about the institutions of the university but the institutions of the entire society. Few, of course, were giving radical answers or calling for the wholesale demolition of those institutions. But most were intensely concerned with the unresponsiveness of power holders to the will of the people. A University of Illinois senior, who termed himself a "conservative," criticized the inability of Congress and "ordinary citizens" to control foreign policy. A Notre Dame junior noted the possibility that "private enterprise" must be "making profits" off the war. And many of the delegates wondered out loud—almost in spite of themselves—whether the institutions could survive.

RICHARD BLUMENTHAL

Deutscher and Zilliacus

The cause of sanity in the affairs of nations received a grievous setback in the deaths of Konni Zilliacus and Isaac Deutscher. "Zilly," Philip Noel-Baker wrote in his eulogy in the London *Tribune,* was "multifariously unique," even in his name and ancestry. The name was Greek but Zilliacus had only a tiny admixture of Greek blood: his father was a Finnish revolutionary against the Czar, his mother was American, the son was educated in primary schools in Sweden, Finland and Brooklyn, and graduated from Yale at the top of the class of 1915. He flew in the Royal Flying Corps in World War I and was grounded by the General Staff because he spoke ten or a dozen languages fluently and there was use for him in a military-diplomatic capacity. Russian was one of his languages and in 1917 he was attached to the British military mission to the counter-revolutionary Admiral Kolchak, and Zilliacus' revulsion from that was one of the factors that brought him into the Labour Party and the House of Commons, of which he was perhaps the stormiest member over many years. He was one of the leading supporters of the League of Nations, as doughty a fighter against appeasement of Mussolini and Hitler as was Winston Churchill, and after World War II he never tired of warning the British people that the real danger came not from the Soviet Union but from the nuclear militarists of the West. The cold war went on, but when Zilliacus died *The Times* (of London) paid glowing tribute to his ability, courage and independence.

Independence—that was one of the traits he shared

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with Deutscher, the foremost authority on modern Russian life and history, the author of the only really informative biographies of Stalin and Trotsky. His book on Lenin he did not live to finish. He was no friend of Stalin's—in 1932 he was expelled from the Polish Communist Party for anti-Stalinist activities—but, characteristically, his 1949 work on Stalin was coolly detached. At this time, and throughout his life, Isaac Deutscher refused to allow the animosities of politics to color his writing. *(Continued on page 180)*

Kentucky's Coal Beds of Sedition

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting on civil rights and related events in the North and South.

Hazard, Ky.

Tourists driving mountain roads in Eastern Kentucky's Pike County see billboards picturing a proud mare and foal gamboling in blue grass with the slogan: "Kentucky —Great for Family Vacations." It's a lovely image. But in recent weeks some ugly Kentucky realities have come to the fore in that vacation paradise where 40 per cent of the nation's one-room schools are found and children have the highest TB rate in the nation. It was in Pike County on August 11 that three anti-poverty workers—one an Appalachian Volunteer—were arrested on sedition charges. Underlying the arrests is a story of the cruellest white poverty, of rapacious coal-mine operators, and of right-wing politicians whose shopworn smear tactics would be laughable if they weren't so effective.

So effective that on August 18 OEO Director Sargent Shriver cut off all funds to Appalachian Volunteers in Kentucky. AV has received funds from such respectable sources as the Field Foundation, but depends heavily on OEO money for training hundreds of VISTA workers who assist Kentucky's legions of poor. Shriver, in a craven display of instant capitulation to the growing forces of reaction, canceled funds without any hearing and without even notifying AV head Milton Ogle in Bristol, Tenn., that action was being taken.

Ogle, an unradical Kentuckian, protested unavailingly that volunteer Joe Mulloy wasn't guilty of sedition or anything else. But neither Shriver nor his office spoke to Ogle. When Shriver threw the Child Guidance Development of Mississippi Head Start program to the state's political wolves last year, he at least went through the motions of an investigation. It is a commentary on the current Washington climate that this was thought unnecessary in Appalachia.

The separate midnight arrests of Mulloy and Mr. and Mrs. Alan McSurely of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF) were made by a dozen men led by Pike County prosecuting attorney Thomas Ratliff. He has long been a coal-mine lease operator and presently is the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor. His running mate, Louie Nunn, has pledged that if elected governor he would run SCEF out of the state along with other "subversives." What constitutes a subversive today in Kentucky (and possibly in Washington, to judge from Shriver's action) may be gleaned from the evidence seized from Mulloy. Ratliff described materials taken from him and the McSurelys as "a Communistic library out of this world." Mulloy's total contribution was:

Great Russian Short Stories, the poems and sayings of Mao-Tse-tung, Pushkin's short stories, Lenin's works, *Catch-22* by Joseph Heller, and an account of the Berkeley Student Movement. Some of this material was on the reading list of Mulloy's political science class at the Uuniversity of Louisville. Prosecutor Ratliff left behind in Mulloy's room and did not mention *The Conscience of a Conservative* by B. Goldwater, John Stormer's *None Dare Call It Treason,* something by William Buckley, The Complete Works of Thomas Merton, the works of Carl Sandburg and Robert Frost, and two Bibles.

The chain of events behind the arrests started millions of years ago when nature formed an estimated 35 billion tons of soft coal under the lushly green hills of the Appalachian chain in Eastern Kentucky. More than half a century of mining has removed only 2 billion tons, the extraction enriching giant absentee-owned corporations like U.S. Steel, Republic Steel and Ford, while leaving the area impoverished. John L. Lewis' United Mineworkers of America unionized many Eastern Kentucky fields in the thirties and forties after violent and bloody opposition from operators. During World War II and briefly afterward, miners were among America's highest paid industrial servants. Eastern Kentucky knew sufficiency if not prosperity, while wholly dependent on the mineral version of a one-crop economy.

All those years coal operators paid the state a pittance in taxes and the counties virtually nothing, while reaping fortunes through depreciation allowances and capital gains. Kentuckian Harry Caudill, author of *Night Comes to the Cumberlands,* described one industry tactic in testimony before the U.S. Senate Committee on Government Operations last June:

> It is as easy to rob a little Appalachian county of its revenues as it is to rob a child of his candy. For example, an immense firm once bought a modern continuous coal mining machine . . . the machine cost $75,000 and was used by the parent firm for a few months. It was then sold to a Kentucky subsidiary for $5,000 and this amount was stated in the bill of sale. On the next assessment date the bill was produced to the Tax Commissioner. By that time the machine had depreciated for an additional six months and so its value was fixed at

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$3,000. Since the county's rate was 40% of the fair market value, it entered the assessor's books at $1,200. At that time I was driving a Ford automobile bought 37 days after the (coal) machine was sold as new. I wound up with my car assessed for more than a mining machine that had cost nearly as much as a railroad locomotive.

Meanwhile, Kentucky's educational system was stagnating with counties unable to scrape up enough taxes to run the schools more than a few months of the year. State and federal funds prevented a complete breakdown, but generations were born to live and die in ignorance (nearly a quarter of all East Kentuckians over 24 cannot read or write). In the mid-fifties, overnight automation swept the hills and hollows like a plague. An industry indifferent to the plight of miners simply laid off thousands, never to be rehired. The federal government displayed no more interest than it would have had the miners been in Patagonia. The UMW, with Lewis retired, proved inept, at the very least, in seeking federal remedies and providing critically needed medical and pension benefits to destitute miners. Today it is virtually impossible to talk to an ex-miner without hearing a tale of UMW failure to honor commitments made to union veterans.

The final physical link to the August raid recalls the folk song, *You Load Sixteen Tons*. The miner who still owed his soul to the company store sang of Number Nine coal. This is a rich seam that runs at around 1,800 feet, mountain-top level in Eastern Kentucky. In the late fifties, strip mining was introduced to the region. Techniques and machines were developed enabling operators to gouge coal from mountainsides without burrowing underground. The operators had bought mineral rights forty and fifty years ago from farmers who sold the rights to tens of thousands of acres for a paltry 25c or 50c an acre. They had envisioned the classic shaft-mining operations underground that did not disturb farm or woodland and signed so-called "broad forms" which only barred the operator from inflicting "malicious" damage on the property. But when strip mining began in earnest, the result on the land was catastrophic. [See "Strip-Mine Morality: The Landscaping of Hell" by Wendell Berry, *The Nation*, January 24, 1966.]

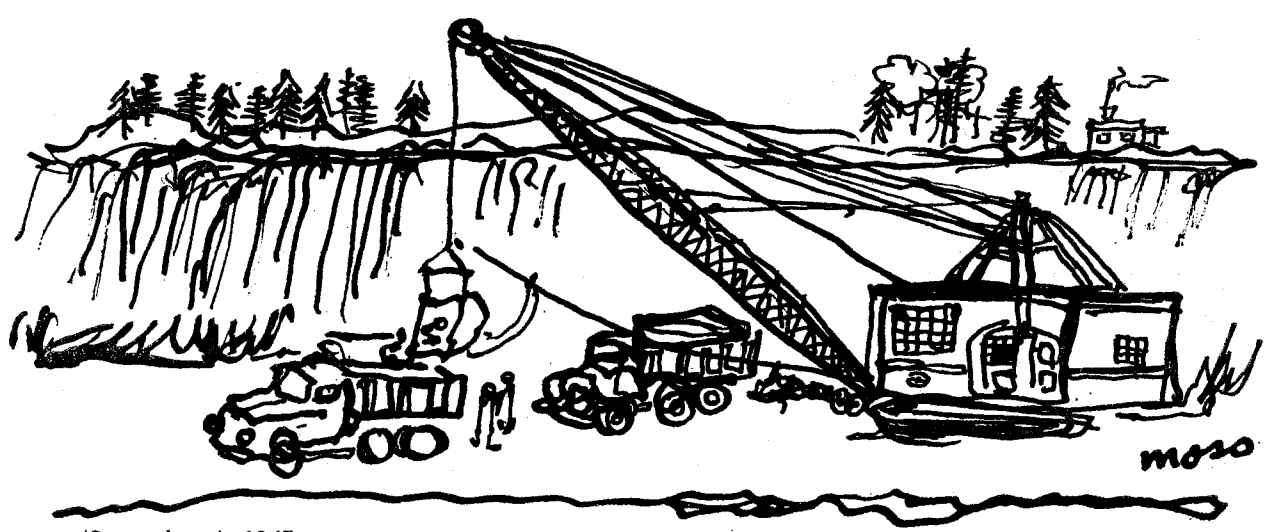
Forty million tons of coal were stripped out of Kentucky last year. I saw part of the result in Eastern Kentucky on a recent visit to Young's Fork of Clear Creek, 10 miles north of Hazard in Knott County. Picture a green hilltop raked by a giant claw uprooting every tree, bush and blade of grass and scraping the mountain down to the bone. The displaced earth and debris tumbles down a 30-degree slope in a massive landslide onto woods and streams below. Huge tree trunks protrude like matchsticks at crazy angles from a swath of earth and rock advancing relentlessly as heavy regional rainfall churns it into a mudslide. Far below is a small farm and a once clear stream. Its sedimentation rate has increased an incredible 30 *thousand* times, killing fish and polluting the farm's water supply. Above on the scalped mountain head, the exposed rock bears a resemblance to the glacial striations of the Grand Canyon. But there is no grandeur.

Instead, for as far as one can see in an area snaking through two counties, is a ribbon of moonscape desolation. Mile after mile of bulldozed road runs along the eerie lip of the Number Nine seam. Here and there machines have sculptured little buttes, raw earth and rock on the sides, and on top green caps where birds still sing in the desolation, a melancholy reminder of what all the mountaintop was like before.

It is a profitable operation requiring few men. One firm in Perry County alone holds orders from TVA for $100 million. To combat the devastation that immediately despoiled water supplies and woodlands, and in its scarification of the earth not only affronted the senses but threatened economic hopes for development of tourism, mountain people organized. They formed the 1,000-member Appalachian Group to Save the Land and People, a grass-roots organization that promoted the radical idea of taxing each ton of coal taken from Kentucky before the region's patrimony vanished without a trace of native profit. The group, composed of highly American, Daniel Boone types distributed pamphlets with the following questions and answers:

Q. Doesn't strip mining employ lots of Eastern Kentuckians?

A. No. A very large strip-mining operation bringing



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millions of dollars of profit to the operator can be run with a handful of men. They are paid whatever the operator feels he can get away with.

Q. Doesn't strip mining help our economy in other ways?

A. No. In fact it costs the taxpayers of this state about a dollar every time a ton of coal is strip mined. That figures out to millions of dollars a year—in expensive reclamation and reforestation, in road repairs [laden coal trucks chew up highways while their overloads are winked at by county judges "sympathetic" to the operators], flood-control projects, water-pollution control. We pay the strip miners to destroy us.

Q. What will happen to Eastern Kentucky if strip mining isn't stopped?

A. In a few years, every coal-mining county will be a crisscross of shattered mountains and ruined valleys. Thousands of people will have to leave. [Letcher Co. population has gone from a peak of 44,000 to 24,000 while Leslie Co. lost half its population in ten years. General economic conditions along with strip mining are factors in this exodus.]

The Appalachian Volunteers enthusiastically assisted the Appalachian Group, perhaps exceeding Washington's concept of the limitations that should be imposed on fighting poverty with tax dollars. But strip mining in Eastern Kentucky is like laying a lash on the back of a dying man and the Volunteers felt that you had to stop new punishment while you treated old wounds. At any rate, the Appalachian Group with AV help fought against the "broad forms" which the prize-winning Louisville *Courier-Journal* called "a wretched document that has haunted Kentucky and brought ruin to its mountain people for long enough."

Democratic Kentucky Gov. Edward T. Breathitt agreed, although taking pains to point out that strip mining in the flatlands of Western Kentucky could be carried out with reclamation safeguards. Last year the legislature passed a reclamation bill, remindful of those Con Edison signs in New York that say, "We'll clean up and move on." The bill outlawed stripping on slopes steeper than 33 degrees and prescribed mild penalties for operators who did not plant grass and trees to cover the ravaged hillsides.

But the insufficiency of this approach was evident at the Young's Fork operation. Slides moved down the legally permissible slope. Locust saplings planted here and there, then uprooted by rain, dotted the landscape. Splotches of green furze sprouted on the hillside like a dime-size growth of hair on a bald man's head. But no grass could ever grow from the exposed rock or from the wasteland of coal, crushed rock and slag left behind by the bulldozers where a few brave saplings shivered in a wet wind.

So people at Young's Fork were moved to nonlegislative action. The shattered hulk of a $300,000 coal gouger lay 100 yards from the end of the scar. It had been dynamited a month before and totally wrecked. In its cab, the sprung controls (Swing Left, Boom Down, Engine Throttle) no longer moved the boom's pendulous might and the red steel snout that had been rooting in the mountainside capable of raising a 30,000-pound weight in one bite lay slack-jawed. Dynamite had carried a message that appeals could not get through and the Mountain Top Stripping and Pine Bluff Augering Co. had suspended operations there.

Over the line in Pike Co. (where subversive hunter and lieutenant governor candidate Ratliff was county prosecutor), opposition had taken a nonviolent form. Farmer Jink Ray and his neighbors had lain down in front of the bulldozers of the Puritan Coal Co., come with an ancient broad form in hand to strip mine the land. The company obtained an injunction from the Pike Co. court, forbidding Ray to interfere. But Governor Breathitt bravely ordered a temporary suspension of the Puritan permit under provisions of Kentucky mining law. It was the first time in its history that the state government had so boldly challenged the divine right of mine operators.

On August 1, Breathitt made the suspension stick. The State Department of Natural Resources revoked the Puritan permit to strip mine in Pike Co. It was a big political risk, calculated to rouse the wrath of the operators. And it came at a time when other elements were ruffling the *status quo* of the poverty-stricken scene in Eastern Kentucky. The Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, organized with strong backing from Walter Reuther, was looking into the scope of nation-wide poverty and planned to convene a "board of inquiry" in Hazard, Ky., on August 22 to sketch in that Appalachian phase of the overall poverty picture. Much of its Kentucky research had been organized by the Appalachian Volunteers, already anethema to the mining powers that be.

It did not take inspired investigation to recognize Kentucky poverty. Ten of the nation's twenty poorest counties are located there. In the four-county OEO area comprising Leslie, Knott, Letcher and Perry (LKLP) Counties, an average of 60 per cent of the families make under the poverty minimum of $3,000 a year. Of Letcher County's 6,700 families, 1,470 make under $1,000. Shriver's office, with much ballyhoo, had allocated $6.5 billion to the eleven-state Appalachia area over two years with many millions going into Kentucky. But Edwin J. Stafford, director of the LKLP Community Action Program, declared: "About these programs I can say this flatly: they have not eradicated poverty in Eastern Kentucky."

Well, no one ever expected them to do this quickly, if at all, and it is not Shriver's fault that the Congress pinches poverty pennies when a massive and continuous flow of dollars is needed. But much of what is allotted never gets to the poor. All dole is divided into three parts by 1967 governmental ukase and the poor are supposed to have one-third representation on the OEO boards. This works out in practice only where strong mobilizing efforts are made by civil rights organizations or groups like AV to get poor people, often ignorant and universally intimidated, to press for a meaningful voice. OEO critics in Eastern Kentucky say with some justification that too many OEO dollars are going to fatten middle-class staffs as assistant directors and executive secretaries proliferate.

In Hazard, Perry Co., a straight-talking mountain man

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named Everett Tharp, who directs the OEO program, sounds disillusioned. "There are long-range plans for highways to come in and dams to be built," he says. "Eventually that might help the economy. But it's a long way off. What I'd like to see—but I don't see it—is a broad, comprehensive manpower plan for these four counties. Like the Job Corps or WPA. Heavy-equipment training, mechanics, teach 'em a trade."

What he has been able to offer to an army of applicants are platoon-size programs that are barely stopgap. For example, only thirty-four chronically unemployed mountaineers, many in their 50s and 60s, were enrolled under OEO's pre-vocational training. This was hastily designed to absorb men from the Labor Department's work experience and training program (called Happy Pappies in Kentucky) which had been crimped by fund shortages. The men earned $64 a week for eight weeks. What did they learn? They were taught how to dress, and how to fill out job applications and income-tax forms. The irony, even the cruelty, of teaching men hungering for work how to fill out applications for nonexistent jobs and tax forms for income they do not make is too apparent.

Sitting on the swaybacked porch of his shack in a hollow outside Hazard, Grover Chandler, father of seven and a Happy Pappy graduate said:

> About all I did in the vocation program was plant saplings. I don't want to lie about nothing. If I say it didn't he'p me, it didn't he'p me and that's the truth. They promised us a job when we came out. That's what got us all stirred up when there weren't none. I ain't had regular work in two years and with seven kids it's just hard, I tell you. What's aggravatin' me so much is school starts this month and we have four to be goin' and there isn't any money for shoes.

Chandler and his family are not starving only because of the Food Stamp program. During the brief time he was a Happy Pappy, his stamps were cut off because he was making too much money. Now the family gets $86 worth for $3 and these buy food for about two and a half weeks. Then they borrow from a friend who is working, the same friend who lends them money for the stamps. Since Chandler is employable the family can get no welfare under Kentucky law, despite the fact that his wife is chronically ill and needs help in caring for the children ranging from 2 to 10. Chandler, a fourth grade school dropout, recites his tale of woes in accents remarkably free of self-pity. This is common with these mountain people. Poverty has become a way of life as unremarkable as the morning sun.

But unrest has been increasing as SCEF workers and Appalachian Volunteers encourage the poor to press for whatever rights were left them and to demand significant national aid for a region whose mineral riches have helped to power America's wealth-producing industrial growth during this century. The successful unity of the Appalachian Group to Save the Land and the People encouraged the notion that the powers that be were not invincible. The group threatened to fill the jails in protest if strip mining continued. So it was no accident that only eleven days elapsed between Governor Breathitt's revocation of the Puritan strip-mine permit in Pike Co. and the midnight raid by Pike Co. prosecutor Ratliff. The time had come to show who was boss.

Ratliff, past president of the Independent Coal Operators' Association, denied AV charges that his raid was politically or economically motivated to aid his coal-mining friends. "These are the smear tactics always used by their kind against anyone who exposes them," he said. "From what I have seen of the evidence in this case, it is possible that Communist sympathizers may have infiltrated the anti-poverty program not only in Pike Co. but in other sections of the country as well."

But Ratliff did not specify against whom sedition had been committed. Was it the county, the state or, perhaps, the Puritan Coal Co.? The question seemed academic since Supreme Court rulings in the past have found state sedition statutes unconstitutional. In 1954, for example, Carl Braden—present head of SCEF—was convicted of sedition after he had sold his home in a white section of Louisville to a Negro family. The conviction was later set aside by the Court of Appeals. Ratliff conceded that "the Supreme Court has made it very difficult to prosecute Communists." Nothing daunted, he pressed the central theme of his prosecution: "Every piece of evidence we have points to just one objective, to stir up dissension and create turmoil among our poor."

While it is Ratliff's prerogative to believe the poor should assent to orderly impoverishment, Shriver would seem in an awkward position if his precipitate cutoff of Volunteer funds signified agreement that his volunteer Mulloy was seditious. (Governor Breathitt had caved in and had officially requested Shriver to make the fund suspension. It is hard to be brave for long in a state that is the captive of America's largest corporations.) In the second annual OEO report, entitled *The Quiet Revolution*, posthumous praise was lavished on a Kentucky VISTA volunteer named Phil Johnson who died in an accident.

"When 22-year-old Phil Johnson arrived in Breathitt County," read Shriver's official report, "his first act was to knock the rotting wood steps off the local school and knock over the deteriorating outhouses behind the school. He went to the local school superintendent, a woman, and said that if she would send some lumber to the school, he would get some people to replace the worn-out facilities. She was taken aback by this approach but agreed to his request.

"This act seemed to set Johnson's style as a VISTA in the county, a style which his field supervisor described as 'awkward but beautiful.'

"Phil Johnson showed more than style. Assigned to the Appalachian Volunteers, Bristol, Tenn., he talked to numerous people, listened to their ideas . . . he got people talking . . . when they began talking about forming a county-wide organization of their own, he became an effective organizer."

Phil Johnson was "beautiful" as he knocked down the steps of a public school without permission and organized poor people. But what a difference a year makes. Something ugly is loose when Appalachian Volunteer Joe Mulloy tries to organize poor people in 1967 without knocking down anything. Is it seditious to inquire where the ugliness lies?

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TV Editorials: How Brave & Free?

VICTOR H. BERNSTEIN
Mr. Bernstein, a free-lance writer, was managing editor of The Nation *from 1952 to 1963. He is the author of* Final Judgment: The Story of Nuremberg.

TV is not all wasteland; some of it is near vacuum. When is the last time you heard a TV station openly take sides on such pressing issues as the Vietnamese War, the Middle East, or Mr. Johnson's qualifications for the Presidency? I am not talking of the comments of a politico being interviewed or of a guest speaker; I am talking about the opinion of the owner and/or management of the station itself, and presented as such in the way that a newspaper editorial is proffered as the opinion of the publisher.

Some stations do editorialize, as we shall see; but in general the editorial voice of the most powerful and extensive of news media comes out more squeak than thunder. This is a regrettable phenomenon, since democracy functions by virtue of the availability of public forums. Formerly, the multiplicity of newspapers guaranteed a certain minimum, at least, of editorial conflict from which readers could profit. Today the number of one-newspaper towns is growing from year to year, and in metropolitan areas especially there is a tendency for dailies to fold up entirely and steal quietly away. But the broadcast industry continues to squeak as its thunder becomes more and more urgently needed.

If radio and TV have been slow and squeamish about taking up the growing editorial slack, the reasons lie as much in Washington as in their own lack of initiative. To understand this, a bit of history is essential. For imaginable reasons, the pioneer broadcasters of the twenties and the early thirties had no interest in doing anything so venturesome as expressing a political opinion. They had other things to worry about. In 1937-38, however, Boston's WAAB pioneered the field—not only taking sides on public issues but also endorsing political candidates. The matter was brought before the Federal Communications Commission. The core question involved was clear enough: Did the broadcaster's constitutional right of free speech include his right to exploit the air, a public property, to disseminate his private opinions? In 1941 the commission rendered a landmark opinion—known in the industry as the *Mayflower* decision—against the licensee: "It is . . . clear that with the limitations in frequencies inherent in the nature of radio, the public interest can never be served by a dedication of any broadcast facility to the support of his own partisan ends. . . . In brief, the broadcaster cannot be an advocate."

Liberals endorsed the decision, as did the American Civil Liberties Union. It seemed to them that a handful of licensees would monopolize the air and bombard the country with their (no doubt reactionary) opinions. But as stations multiplied, pressure grew on the FCC to revise its attitude in the light not only of the First Amendment but also of the public benefit to be derived from the open exchange of opinion on public matters. Gradually the commission responded; in 1949 the drastic *Mayflower* decision was rescinded with the stipulation that a station must practice "fairness" in allowing the opposition to have an equal opportunity for reply. Today this doctrine means that it is the duty of the licensee, even if he has to donate the time, to air conflicting viewpoints after one side of the controversy has been broadcast. How much time the conflicting viewpoints must be given on the air, deponent sayeth not; "fairness" is the criterion. (It should be noted here that the fairness doctrine does not apply to editorial statements aired by individuals in their own right and who are not presented as spokesmen for the licensee; thus, an Eric Sevareid can editorialize all he wants and is in no way constrained to present an opposing view.)

Actually, the FCC has done an about-face in its attitude toward editorializing; it has gone from prohibition to cautious consent to outright encouragement. In 1962, Chairman Newton N. Minow told a conference of editorial broadcasters: "The population is increasing at an explosive rate . . . but . . . the number of metropolitan newspapers which traditionally have served our people is decreasing. I believe that it is a matter of urgent national importance that radio and television reach out for their greatest potential. . . ."

Surveys made in 1963 showed that approximately a third of all TV stations were editorializing. But only half of the third were editorializing on a regular basis; the rest did so only occasionally. Moreover, 87 per cent of the total time devoted to editorials was concerned with community, county or state subjects.

WCBS-TV, the Columbia Broadcasting System's New York outlet, does more gross business than any other TV station in the country. It was also among the first TV channels to broadcast a daily editorial, and one of the very few to have installed a special editorial department and hired a competent and experienced newsman to run it. Thus WCBS-TV editorials can be said to be prepared and delivered under optimum conditions, given the general circumstances under which the broadcasting industry operates. How good is the program? What are its strengths and weaknesses?

Judged by size of audience, the station's director of editorials, Michael F. Keating, must be reckoned as among the most influential editorialists in the country. Each weekday at 6:55 P.M., a million and a quarter viewers are tuned to him as he delivers a two-minute editorial; each following afternoon at 1:25 he repeats the text for the benefit of 300,000 additional listeners. This makes an audience that the ordinary newspaper editorial writer, who is fortunate if he can capture the attention of 10 per cent of his newspaper's readers, must contemplate with envy.

Mr. Keating is a pleasant young man whose owlish glasses add a scholarly note to an all-American face. He talks in simple terms, mostly about local and state problems, and to the political sophisticate much of what he says conveys little more than that here is one young man who is against sin. Of course, the vast majority of

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people who listen to TV haven't gone to college, and Keating keeps this fact in mind. Thus, when he argues that New York's abortion laws are an abortion, and that drug addicts are sick people, he may not be breaking any new intellectual ground, but he is seeking to break the thought patterns of a million New Yorkers who, for the most part, are longer on prejudice than they are on schooling.

Keating's homilies are presented as the views of the station management. More accurately, they represent his own views as accepted by management. He writes his own texts and usually chooses his own subjects. He is also largely responsible for choosing his opposition under the fairness doctrine of the FCC. Over the long haul, nearly a third of the editorials on his show are delivered by outsiders who have taken exception to something he has said.

But Keating is not his own agent. The station's general manager, to whom he is responsible, reads his scripts beforehand and can wield a veto. Moreover, on Monday mornings he submits ideas for the coming week's editorials to a board consisting of the general manager, the news director, the program director and the director of community services. Sometimes new ideas come out of the conference; sometimes his own are altered, but generally the week's programs adhere closely to Keating's original suggestions. When there is serious disagreement, the solution is usually to drop the suggested topic; there is an unwritten rule that the editorial director will not be ordered to air any opinion to which he does not subscribe.

"On the whole," says Mr. Keating, "I enjoy considerable freedom." Much of this freedom goes to him by default. C.B.S. was one of the early and valiant fighters for the right of broadcasters to editorialize, but no one seems to have given much thought to what the stations would say once they had the right to say it. WCBS-TV had been broadcasting editorials at erratic intervals for some years when, in 1964, it decided to institute a daily program. At the time, Keating was Albany correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune* and had made occasional guest appearances on the *Newsmakers*, a panel program. WCBS executives liked what they saw and invited him to join the staff.

"Did they ask about your political attitudes before hiring you?" I asked Keating.

"No, not at all."

"Doen't that seem odd, considering you were being hired not as a reporter but as an editorial spokesman for the station?"

"Well, they knew my record, and I suppose they asked around about me. It must have been perfectly clear to them that I wasn't a Communist."

Was it equally clear to them that he wasn't too conservative to be their spokesman? One gets the feeling that they didn't give the matter much thought. They wanted a presentable spokesman with good delivery; what he would deliver constituted a problem they would meet when they came to it.

So, as a journalist with a mind of his own, Keating does a good deal of their thinking for them. Considering the size of his audience and the prestige of his employer, it appears to be a heavy responsibility for one who is barely a dozen years out of school. Keating is a Canadian, who was graduated from St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, in 1955, worked for a while on the Rome (N.Y.) *Daily Sentinel*, and spent about seven years in Albany as political correspondent, first for the Associated Press and then for the *Herald Tribune*.

He has turned out to be no more a conservative than a Communist. His editorials, succinct and clear if not always exciting, are in the humanitarian and reformist tradition established by such C.B.S. personalities as Ed Murrow and Fred Friendly. WCBS-TV fought hard for a civilian review board and lost; it had better luck with a campaign for a state law granting compensation to crime victims. In addition to continuing campaigns for clear air and water, decent treatment for addicts, the control of gun sales, and changes in the state's abortion laws, the station has pleaded in recent months for better pay for migrant workers, voting rights for 18 year olds, freedom for political demonstrators, and the appointment rather than the election of judges. On race riots, Keating has put the station on record as favoring law and order, but always with the reminder that underlying causes must

Michael F. Keating

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be dealt with. A Catholic, he has nevertheless taken the liberal position both on the state abortion law and on the law banning state aid to denominational schools.

About 300 words make up a two-minute editorial. This would not appear to be a burdensome stint, but it requires an economy in writing that can be time consuming; and when you are on a million-plus screens, you try to be careful not only in what you say but how you say it. To add to the work, his program draws an average of fifty letters a week which must be answered (the number may jump to 200 on a "hot" issue like the civilian review board). Then there is the business of selecting an opponent worthy of receiving air time; this is often the most burdensome job of all.

"We would like to remind our viewers," Keating tells his audience once a week or so at the close of an editorial, "that WCBS-TV will consider requests for time for the presentation of views differing from ours." This is a bonanza for sundry individuals and officers of relatively obscure organizations who are suddenly handed an audience of a million-plus on prime time. Among Keating's opposition guests in recent months have been the president of the Associated Third Class Mail Users, the chairman of the Committee for a Vital Village, and a vice president of the New York State Optometric Association.

It is on the "hot" issues, which call not merely for the reasonable time for reply demanded by the fairness doctrine but for something approximating equal time, that complications develop. This is especially true when the opposition comes from several sources, each eager to have its say. Between December, 1966, and May, 1967, Keating devoted sixteen shows (counting the evening presentation and the next day's repeat as one show) to the gun-control problem. Half of these were given over to opposition spokesmen, including Woodson D. Scott, vice president of the National Rifle Association, whose talents as a debater may be questioned, but not his gift as a publicist. He spoke on prime evening time that normally costs an advertiser $2,340 a minute; the next afternoon's repeat would have cost $625 a minute; Scott and his association got the time for nothing.

Keating's campaign in behalf of a civilian review board lasted from February to October, 1966; again air time was shared equally with the opposition. And as of this writing, Keating has spoken three times against any amendment to the state law banning aid to denominational schools; speaking for dropping the law, or amending it, have been a parents' group, a Catholic spokesman and a spokesman for orthodox Jewry.

Has WCBS-TV been going overboard to be fair? It has certainly not been going overboard to persuade. "Our whole purpose," Keating explained, "is to provoke discussion." Laudable: but is this the purpose of an editorial? Newspapers don't usually yield editorial space to the opposition; the letters column is the place for that. Keating would seem to be running a kind of "letters column of the air"; as editor, he chooses the subject, but otherwise he is simply one of the contributors. He did not choose this role; it is the natural result of the fairness doctrine, and it goes to the heart of the problem of radio-TV editorializing.

This balancing act between assertion and counter-assertion called for by the doctrine must, of course, rob any editorial campaign of its dynamic. One is saying, "Yes, but . . ." all the time. Moreover the doctrine discourages that kind of sharp concern with public personalities that so often gives zest to an editorial. "Any attack . . . upon the honesty, character, integrity or like personal qualities of an identified person or group," reads an FCC ruling, requires notice beforehand of the time of the broadcast to the person or group attacked, a script of the broadcast and "a reasonable opportunity to respond." To avoid this rigmarole, the tendency is to avoid personalities and deal with ideas as abstractions.

Equally constricting is the problem of subject matter. In common with most broadcasters of editorial programs, WCBS-TV focuses almost exclusively on state and local issues. Of forty-odd subjects touched on by Keating during April, May and June of this year, the bulk was divided about evenly between community and state. Only five dealt more or less directly with the national scene: "junk mail," oil dumping at sea, the censure of Senator Dodd, gun control, and a plea for federal money to help New York City protect visiting notables from abroad. The nearest he came to an international subject was to congratulate the citizens of New York and Glassboro, N.J., for their courteous treatment of Mr. Kosygin. One follows his program as one might follow the editorial page of a small-town newspaper; it fills a need, a vital need, but however intelligent and well written the editorials, they leave an even larger need unmet. The net effect is one of blandness.

Aware of this, Keating has sought permission to widen his focus; it will be interesting to see what decision comes down. There is a lot involved. The fairness doctrine has tended to discourage many licensees from editorializing at all. Adhering to it on a local level is often troublesome enough; on national issues, the burden becomes greater. Once a licensee begins to deal critically with national policy and national figures, he is fooling around with the ultimate source of power from which all blessings flow—his license to operate. On occasion Congress, naturally averse to anything that might enlarge the number of its potential critics, has growled menacingly at the whole idea of station editorials; some Congressmen have even challenged FCC's right to permit them. The commissioners themselves are appointed by the Executive branch; how freely and how long would they permit a licensee to fulminate against the Administration? Maybe entirely freely and forever; maybe something short of that. "Why," one broadcasting executive said to me, "should we take the risk of finding out?"

A prime editorial function, obviously, is the endorsement of political candidates. The industry's approach to this responsibility has been gingerly, to say the least. With network encouragement, WCBS-TV endorsed its first candidate in 1965—Lindsay for mayor. But even stations otherwise willing to enter the controversial area of partisan politics are given pause by the FCC regulations:

> Where a licensee, in an editorial, (1) endorses or (2) opposes a legally qualified candidate or candidates,

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> the licensee shall, within 24 hours after the editorial, transmit to respectively (1) the other qualified candidate or candidates for the same office or (2) the candidate opposed in the editorial (1) notification of the date and time of the editorial; (2) a script or tape of the editorial; and (3) an offer of a reasonable opportunity for a candidate to respond over the licensee's facilities. . . .

What constitutes "reasonable" opportunity? "Equal" opportunity? Under such reasoning, where there are three candidates for an office, for every two minutes a station devotes to its favored candidate, it must give away four minutes to the opposition. Aside from the money value of prime time, there would seem to be no percentage in that. It is no wonder so many licensees are tempted to say, "To hell with the whole business."

Broadcast editorialists meet annually at a national conference; this fall, as at preceding conferences, loud voices will be raised in pleas that freedom of speech must be considered at least as inviolable as freedom of the press. Conditions, which have changed notably since *Mayflower,* favor their cause. As UHF develops, available frequencies are no longer so limited; with the multiplication of stations, the fear of monopoly has faded. There is more monopoly in the newspaper field than in radio-TV. Today there are approximately 1,750 English-language dailies in the country; the number of radio and TV stations is almost three and a half times greater—6,045. The contrast is even more striking in metropolitan areas. New York City now has thirty-six radio and nine TV stations—and three newspapers; Chicago has thirty-four radio and nine TV stations—and four newspapers.

I am not suggesting that the time has come for abandonment of all controls over broadcasting content. If a commentator or a person who has purchased time for a series of programs singles out an individual for highly adverse comment, the person so attacked should, as a matter of simple "fairness," be given an opportunity to reply. But the time may have arrived for some modification of the "fairness" doctrine in relation to editorial opinion which is, after all, clearly identified as the opinion of the station. If the opposition is given a fair play in panel shows, debates, the news footage, etc., the licensee's control over his two-minute opinion spot should no more be questioned than Mr. Sulzberger's control over the editorial columns of *The New York Times.* The ACLU, which has long since reversed its policy on broadcast editorials, puts it this way:

> An editorial should clearly be identified as an expression of the station's opinion. Editorializing on any subject matter should be done in the context of the station's over-all balanced programming. . . . If a station puts on a forum discussion or . . . a spokesman . . . favoring the current immigration system, then the station is free to oppose the system in an editorial without including a spokesman for the other side.

Of course, the fairness doctrine is not the only hindrance to the freedom of the broadcast editorialist. I asked Keating whether, if he were convinced that cigarette smoking was injurious, detergents were ruining the country's sewer systems, and car makers were underemphasizing safety, he would feel free to say so editorially. "I would have to be very sure of my facts," he answered. I guess he would. Among the sacrificial lambs sometimes placed on the altar of the free-enterprise system is editorial freedom. Still, one day WCBS-TV may surprise us.

THE FACES OF FIDELISMO

LINDA EDER

Miss Eder, UN observer for The Nation, *is a member of a Colombian-American family, and has written on Colombian women and Manhattan children.*

Havana

A stringy haired woman raises her arms in the classic position of a *flamenco* dance, smiles broadly as she circles the stage, her castanets thumping; bows with pleasure when a bouquet of wilted roses is placed in her waiting arms. A group of singers raise their voices in swinging rumbas, eyes glued to the leader or ogling the watchers, the women undulating their hips or patting their hair. Rushing off at the close, they stretch their hands coaxingly toward the departing audience imploring a smoke, some with two or three cigarettes dangling from their lips.

Correspondents from around the world were conducted through the National Psychiatric Hospital outside of Havana on one of the tours to Cuban show places during the recent conference of the Organization of Latin American Solidarity. "We have transformed an asylum into a garden," said the director, describing the former disgraceful condition of the home for chronic psychotics and showing us the multi-colored contemporary dormitories, bar-less windows, well-kept rose bowers, inmates woodworking, weaving, tending a chicken farm, smirking through a primary arithmetic class. Then, before the pathos of illness became too strong for our tastes, we were ushered to the rhythmic blare of an inmates' band playing rumbas and revolutionary anthems into a large hall and plied with plentiful food and drink, chatter and laughter. As we piled into our buses, weighed down with flowers from director, attendants and inmates who cheered and waved a warm goodby, we might have been leaving a carnival.

Havana leaves the same impression of scatterbrained gaiety, pathos, dogged organization. A scant week in Cuba, spent mainly in the capital, is sufficient only for random observation. The view was further blurred by the conference itself, planned to coincide with the July 26th anniversary of the ill-fated Moncada insurrection.

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This celebration of defeat exemplifies the credo voiced by Regis Debray: "for a revolutionary, failure is a springboard. As a source of theory it is richer than victory. . . ."

"They have hung a curtain over everything during the OLAS conference," a forcibly retired professional said to me. "When you leave," he whispered in cynical resignation, "the curtain will be lifted and things will drag along as they usually do."

But standing out boldly was a painting from the *Salon de mai* exhibition from Paris. An ugly monster with great teeth bared in a snarling grimace squats complacently while it nurses its young. Its shape is the map of Manhattan with avenues and cross streets, the protrusion near the Bowery forming a large breast from which a voracious white infant draws its milk; a smaller breast is sucked by an undernourished black infant. The opening of the exhibition coincided with the opening of OLAS; the painting could represent the official Cuban view of the United States. Multiply the Manhattan beast a hundredfold, include our "lackey" countries and organizations, and you have the Solidarity Conference line against the racist archenemy.

But for all the virulence of the attacks—daily in the OLAS plenary sessions, everywhere on banners, street-corner posters, neon-lighted and flashing billboards showing fighters with raised guns, in newspapers, magazines, leaflets—the Cuban people seem as loath to hate as did the people at the asylum. Government officials and the man in the street smiled warmly at the North American imperialist.

"Our every action is a war scream against imperialism and a clamor for people's unity against the great enemy of mankind: the United States of North America." The focus of the conference was on Che Guevara's words, broadcast to the Tricontinental Conference in Havana, which initiated OLAS a year and a half ago. Among the many neat packets of printed material delivered to our hotel rooms twice daily were nicely bound speeches by Fidel and others by Che, the government organs *Granma, El Mundo* and *Bohemia,* printed in several languages with careful regard to our native tongues. "The duty of every revolutionary is to make revolution" and the "one, two, three, many Vietnams" Che urged the people to create were the most ubiquitous slogans. To deplete the United States, to destroy imperialism by a world confrontation, to "carry the war into every corner the enemy happens to carry it . . . to his home, to his centers of entertainment . . . to prevent him from having a moment of peace . . . his moral fiber shall begin to decline. He will even become more beastly, but we shall notice how the signs of decadence begin to appear."

But in their homes and centers of entertainment, Cuban revolutionaries, apathetic residents and embryonic counterrevolutionaries provided attention and warmth. At the ballet (Alicia Alonzo's classic company is of the best), at the beach, at a night club, the Cubans showed love, not war. In the ornate hotel which put up the press, surrounded by placards of hate, everybody from the chambermaid to the very proper *maitre d'* smiled at us pleasantly. Every courtesy was extended to the correspondents by the officials in the OLAS press room, including automobile service ("taxis are very hard to find," we were told soothingly, and indeed they were since all the government-owned taxi fleet was assigned to OLAS and the Salon de Mayo), and affirmative responses followed requests for interviews, with everyone but Castro. They looked genuinely offended when I refused to allow my hotel bill—board and room and bar—to be paid by the government.

The government taxi drivers at our disposal all day were courteous despite strict orders to refuse extra pay or tips. "The private cabs," said a slight pock-marked driver, "earn thirty to forty pesos a day" (a peso is exactly equal to our dollar) while he receives a monthly stipend of 180 pesos for an average of six to seven hours (with no overtime whatsoever for the sixteen hours worked during the conference). However, he said, although he earned much more before the revolution, he has security now. If he needs a spare part, the government supplies it—from many used cars left behind by wealthy expatriates. They pay for gas too, which is very expensive. Private owners not only incur the expenses but often can't get the needed part, he said, as his '58 Chevrolet turned a corner noisily, its patched bumper rattling. "Still—" he concluded wistfully, "security or not, it's hard to support a wife and three children on this salary." Had he known, after Fidel came in, what he knows now . . . but here the cab drew up to the hotel for a waiting official and our conversation ended.

A fellow government driver, another day, however, could only raise his voice in enthusiasm. "If you stay longer in Havana," he said, "I will invite you to my home so that my señora and I can show you how well a poor man lives today." I left too soon to accept his hospitality.

A friendly spinster whom I met in a post office queue took me to her home and showed me her view of the Caribbean, the peeling paint on her walls, and her almost empty larder. I had asked her if she would like to stop some place and chat over a cup of coffee. She raised her eyebrows. And where, she asked, were we to find coffee? There used to be *cafeterias,* little coffee stands all over, but not now. Maybe I could get some in my hotel, but not she.

"See what we are allowed to buy," she said, opening her ration book, being careful not to let me see her name. Food allowance included six tiny cans of milk a month per person—(fresh and powdered were reserved for young children or health cases), three pounds of rice, one each of lard and oil. A weekly ration of three-fourths of a pound of meat, divided between first class and soup meat. Chicken is not rationed but (despite the Mental Hospital's fine chicken farm) she never gets any. "And only one and a half ounces of our beloved coffee each week. But many buy coffee in the black market."

As we wandered together through one of the best markets in Havana, she pointed out the almost empty shelves, with a few plantains and yucca, some candies covered with flies, and several cans of evaporated milk, and quoted the household articles permitted: a small piece of soap per month for personal use, one cake

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for laundry, six little tubes of toothpaste during the year ("and it tasted of *cucarachas*!"). Scant supplies of toilet paper, no sanitary napkins . . . thank heaven for cotton!" she finished ruefully.

"But," said my incognito friend, "I wouldn't mind the scarcity if it weren't for the lack of liberty. For instance, I can't go anywhere. If we leave Havana, we must report our destination to the police, our length of stay, the exact time of our return," she said like a girl complaining of signing-out rules at boarding school. "But worse, there is the *vigilancia,* the Comite de Defensa with known and unknown watchers in a block-by-block system."

"If I leave my home to go and visit my son in the United States," said an elderly widow whom I visited in her comfortable apartment in one of the better sections, "I can never come back to it. They will come and take an inventory of everything in it, as they did when my husband died. And they will take it all. Of course, if I go on a visit to an approved country, I can return to my home, but I am too old to travel for pleasure, and besides it takes so long to wait for permission to leave." She bemoaned the decline of her area: "There used to be beautiful houses around here; now they are taken over by those horrible young people."

The former fine homes, embassies and many large buildings have been given over to the elect of Cuba—the young scholarship students or *becados*. True, the buildings are not kept up as they had been: they need paint, the lawns are uncut and brown patched, weeds intertwine with flowers and empty lots are prone to debris. But the *becados*, girls and boys, are rigidly if lovingly handled. Antonio, my 19-year-old escort who had volunteered to serve as a press attache during his month's vacation, has a carefully supervised program of study, homework and an hour of sports from 6:45 in the mornings until lights out at night.

The one complaint I heard from him against his beloved government, during the week he served as my escort, was that the only time he could see his girl was during his biweekly weekend off, for he accepted the military march back and forth to school with his fellow *becados* and felt that he progressed rapidly in his intense course of study because his motives were all altruistic, all to help his country and the revolution.

The young are indeed well treated in Cuba. They say they get great exhilaration from the annual volunteer program in the sugar-cane fields, for although they work harder physically than they ever have, there is of a spirit of fiesta and comradeship to the work. "For Cuba, for the revolution" stirs them on. Moral coercion is used also to recruit the volunteer militia. This rotating vigilance finds men and women with holsters at their sides patrolling a store, a hotel, a factory or other place of business.

Young girls have been given a new type of work during the past year, and one finds at every traffic intersection in Havana a young woman from 17 to her early 20s dressed in pert green and white uniform, cautiously directing traffic, calling "Look out, my child!" to a woman old enough to be her grandmother who attempts to jaywalk, admitting that the green suede boots and long sleeves are pretty warm in the middle of the day, but saying that her work is "very pretty, very pretty," being firm that she will not allow herself to be photographed as it is not permitted.

Everywhere, within and without the city limits, are playgrounds for young children. Good use has been made of formerly exclusive country clubs and beach clubs to turn them over for the use of the people who, according to revolutionary theory, had nothing in pre-Castro days but a miserable stony beach to loll upon, while now buses take them to handsome Santa Maria

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and Varadero beaches, where they can stay in a hotel for $5 daily for room and board (the same fee charged a decade ago, according to counterrevolutionaries, who claim there were many spots available to the public).

No one can deny, however, the efficiency and thoughtfulness displayed in the baby-care centers scattered throughout the city and the country. Walking in unescorted and unannounced, I was impressed by the well-planned facilities for the children of working mothers, from the ages of 45 days to 6 years, by the numerous attendants, the loving handling of "Infant Igenia" aged 3 months, who got boiled milk and water as the sign over her crib stated, and by the delight shown by the mothers as they came to collect their children in the evening. A little sign kept the mothers from encroaching: "Mami: let me eat my potato with tranquillity, don't hurry to collect me; come after 5 o'clock and wait in the waiting room. Your son."

Did the Cubans hope to convert us? Surely there was great effort made here, at first by subtle gestures of friendship, later by comradely warmth over rum highballs at any one of the pleasant parties arranged for the press, and by steady argument, listening and then trapping the opponent. "Of course you know that the U.S. wants to murder Fidel," a press attache said the night before the government's spectacular CIA coup. "The U.S. is always planning to invade Cuba," said another. "But think how safe everything is here; you said so yourself." And indeed I had. Walking through the almost deserted streets of Havana alone at midnight, along the crumbling but beautiful Malecon encircling drive, I felt far safer than on a Manhattan street. "We have reduced our police stations in the city from sixteen to three," I was told. The same official grew more intense and his eyes burned with fervor. "I lived in New York and worked in Harlem as a pharmacist. I saw the growing degradation, was begged to supply the need for drugs. I paid an exorbitant rent. Tell them when you go back," he continued almost supplicating, "that in 1970 nobody will have to pay rent in Cuba. Nobody." "Don't forget to tell them about the rent-free homes," he said as I said my goodbys a few days later.

Or did they want to show us up "to all the world," as the vice president of the proceedings bellowed, as cynical, wicked, intent on invasion and murder. The mock trial of six infiltrators, five of them alleged spies for the CIA, could have been an authentic capture and subsequent conversion, although three had been apprehended a scant nineteen days before, and two of them had turned themselves in; the Central Intelligence Agency can hardly claim complete innocence in such cases. It could have been skillful counterespionage by actors trained not only to delude but to amuse. (One of the prisoners, constantly proclaiming innocence, said he had left Cuba originally for "personal reasons," which he admitted to being trouble with his mother-in-law.) Or it could have been a combination of both. The dramatic display of the prisoners could have been planned many months before as a penultimate climax, Fidel always being able to usurp the main role. We were notified mysteriously enough ("they always do things this way," said one hardened journalist) by whispered announcements the day previous of a *very* important press conference. Rumors circulated among the press that possibly it could be Fidel appearing ahead of time; the more wide-eyed believed in the possibility of Guevara's reappearance, and some said it might be his voice from the mountains of Bolivia or wherever he was hiding. The day of the 9 A.M. appointment, word had leaked out; the Havana papers carried the capture story, to the ire of the foreign dailies. But as the press conference continued into its fourth hour, and more of the press asked lengthier questions ("it was like the Nuremberg trials" said one U.S. reporter), the anti-imperialist crescendo rose higher and higher until it reached its peak with Uruguayan Vice President Arismendi's shout to the effect that every shade of opinion from almost every country in the world had been permitted free access to the prisoners, with the resultant exposure of the monstrous United States. His request that the conference denounce the United States (a somewhat superfluous formality in view of every delegate's speech to date) ended in thunderous applause, bringing the assembly to its feet to clap hands in rhythmic and deafening accord.

Away from the spacious conference halls of the Havana Libre Hotel, which deftly combines Hiltonism with Fidelism, the visitor receives the blast of Havana's pitiless blue skies in near-100 degree weather, as he walks past the French or Cuban or Czechoslovakian films shown in neighborhood movies ("Who are You, Polly McGoo?" something about Marilyn Monroe, a documentary about the revolution . . . past Sunday strollers on the *rampa*, a sort of city boardwalk, and returns to the less luxurious but equally pretentious Capri Hotel. Its hot water tap doesn't work, but who cares, for neither does the air conditioning in the bedroom ("yes, a pretty hotel" says the repair man who is on call all night long, "but very badly constructed") and cold baths are colder than the roof-top swimming pool, which affords a chance to see buxom Russians splashing with their children.

One of the women assigned to the foreign press, most cordial and warmhearted always, grabbed my arm and (cajolingly) sincerely murmured her sympathy for me during the press conference. Two others at lunch immediately said: "We like you—as people; it is your government that is at fault. You are not." That evening, the delegates, the press and visitors there for the Salon de Mayo exhibit were treated to an enormous party held on the exquisite grounds of a former country club converted into a fine art school. Once more Antonio, the studious and courteous young guide assigned to escort me to functions, was at my side to make sure that the lavish food and plentiful daiquiris reached me, or that I missed none of the entertainment—three bands spotlighted from different directions and elaborate and splendid folk dances illustrating the history of Cuba.

Driving to the airport in the dawn, my sleepy *becado* escort pointed out the tower monument to the

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apostle Marti, the home of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Cuba—"like the Kremlin," he said knowledgeably and proudly. Even in the near darkness, huge billboards strikingly proclaimed OLAS: "the Duty of Every Revolutionary is to Make Revolution," and the inevitable red-spattered men with guns or the faces of fallen Moncada heroes. Antonio, who rightfully prided himself on his dedication to his work and the cause, looked a little nonplused at my plea to open his eyes as well. The last sight as the plane taxied down the runway was a group of uniformed *becado* girl students on the observation deck, waving flags proclaiming the victories of the Cuban baseball players at Winnipeg.

One is left with feelings of fear, doubt, admiration, and hope: fear for the indoctrination of hatred starting so early in life, doubt of our own understanding and ability to cope with it, admiration for what they have done and the plan they are pursuing. The hope is that hatred for the Yanqui imperialist is hardly a sufficient motivation for a lasting society. To instill that hatred they must, like Lady Macbeth, ask to "fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty! make thick my blood, stop up the access and passage to remorse, that no compunctious visitings of nature shake my fell purpose." Debray says "especially is it a battle within the *guerrillero* himself to overcome his old habits, to erase the marks left on his body by the incubator—his weakness. In the early months the enemy to be conquered is himself."

IN DARKEST AMERICA

VICTOR ULLMAN

Mr. Ullman, formerly a newsman, is now assistant to the president of the University of Toledo. His latest book is Treat Them Human *(Crown).*

It is generally agreed that the civil rights movement in the Deep South is dead. But burial would be premature. The body stirs, at least in the Delta counties of Mississippi. The year 1967 is perhaps the most important and potentially revolutionary period in darkest America since 1890 when Mississippi closed its doors.

This is due to some millions of "foreign agitators" who go by the name of Christians and, in 1965, prevented the stillbirth of the Delta Ministry of the National Council of Churches. Totally unnoted in the news media on last February 6 was an event in Washington, D.C., marking this fact, one of history's most ironic twists.

On that day the natives of darkest America sent to the enlightened Christians of Africa a token of gratitude for their aid in the rescue of their mission to Mississippi. It was a most fitting token too, a cross of light oak and dark hickory, beautifully laminated and finished by unskilled black hands in the heart of America's color jungle, a mission known as Freedom City, near Greenville, Miss. It was the kind of token American missionaries used to send back from Africa to their American churches.

The cross was handed over to Dr. Z. K. Matthews, first ambassador to the United States from Africa's newest republic, Botswana (formerly Bechuanaland). It was brought from Freedom City by Owen Brooks, acting director of the Delta Ministry, an Episcopalian and a product of the Roxbury Negro ghetto of Boston. He asked Dr. Matthews to send it along to Africa with the message: "Without the concern of the people overseas, including those in Africa and Asia, our work might have ended in 1965. Your help came at a most critical time."

That was literally true. In 1965, after the long, hot summer of 1964 and its glorious stirring of the American conscience, the Negroes of the Deep South were deserted. The white liberals of the North discovered that integration meant them too, and they retreated to convenient gradualistic sociological theories about ghettos. The congregations of the Northern churches found out too that Christian brotherhood actually meant sharing their own pews. Both groups looked the other way when the civil rights collection plate was passed, and so the valiant CORE, SNCC, SCLC and other cohorts suffered from malnutrition.

But deep in the morass of broken Negro hopes there remained a handful of younger preachers who had been sent South by the National Council of Churches to serve as spiritual advisers to the embattled youngsters of 1964. They stayed while the rest went home and became the Delta Ministry, a *permanent* Christian mission with a simple and undramatic program.

The Delta Ministry was set up to spend at least ten years in a threefold undertaking: to teach words and numbers to illiterate adults and plantation children, to teach new skills to Negroes who had known only the use of the cotton chopping ax and hoe, and to teach the meanings of citizenship to the largest group of native-born Americans ever denied the rights of citizenship.

This is a most pedestrian program. It has had its beatings and arrests, most recently a death too when Ben Brown, a Delta Ministry volunteer, was shot in the back by police in Jackson, Miss. But how can classes in reading, writing and arithmetic make headlines? And so about a score of young preachers and volunteers in the Delta counties struggled and starved with their pupils. The member churches of the National Council simply did not match the modest program with money.

The plight of the Delta Ministry was learned by the Interchurch Aid branch of the World Council of Churches and, early in 1965, world Christianity adopted benighted and wealthy America as an object of its missionary efforts. From the Christian Council of South Africa came the sum of $280, and from the Cameroons, the Evangelical Church sent $686, the Presbyterian Church, $100. From the starvation areas of India the National Christian Council contributed $211, and the

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East Asia "Least Coin" Fund raised the princely sum of $1,000 for the Christian mission to America. The East Asia Christian Conference, Australia and New Zealand all sent money from the Pacific. The British Council of Churches and Germany's "Bread for the World" movement led all other churches in the amounts of contributions; they were joined by Holland, France, Denmark and Finland. The Canadian churches also gave.

In 1965, while American Christians dawdled, Christians from fourteen countries contributed approximately $89,000 to the Delta Ministry; they added approximately $50,000 in 1966. The exact total of foreign gifts for the two years was $138,927, whereas the American churches, which had initiated the Delta Ministry as their own domestic missionary effort, gave a total of $242,000, mostly during 1966, of which $103,000 came from the Methodists. They gave little and late—the conscience of world Christianity is apparently more responsive than that of Americans. It was proved again last April.

One of the Delta Ministry's most audacious dreams is Freedom City. It is a cooperative colony on 415 acres, and its twenty-three adults and forty-eight children are refugees from plantation misery and from the planters themselves. These Negro families are the remains of more than 100 families thrown off plantations, thrown out of the empty Greenville Air Force base by the military, flooded out of a tent city, given temporary quarters in Mount Beulah near Jackson, and finally reaching their land in July, 1966.

For nearly a year they starved, for the Delta Ministry could not afford to feed them. They had no homes, only a barn. Approximately once a month some Northern churches sent food and they had meat bones for soup about as often. All the money they could earn or raise went into a milk fund for the children. The Mississippi Welfare Department refused either aid or certification for federal foods because some families were without stoves: they had no houses, and cooked in a communal kitchen.

After his visit there with other Senators who were horrified by the starvation conditions which have existed in the Delta for many years, Sen. Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania spoke of Freedom City with sincerity and sorrow.

> I was very much impressed with Mr. Bradford who is the Negro head of the project, but there is certainly plenty of grinding poverty at Freedom City right now, and I don't see at the moment too much hope of success of the project unless a very substantial federal grant is forthcoming which will enable these people to work out of the cycle of poverty in which they are presently living. I am a little concerned as to whether they can find an adequate market for the crops they intend to raise. It's a most hopeful enterprise, and I wish it well but I certainly couldn't say that as of this moment I would be very optimistic about it.

This spring the whole dream of a "city" of their own looked as though it was at an end. There was no money for seed and fertilizer. If they could not get a crop into the ground, they were finished. There was a mortgage payment due on April 7. Where in the world could they get $10,000?

Federal money did not save this valiant effort. The fertilizer and seed money was raised out of the $2,800 retained from the mortgage payment from last year's late wheat crop, plus a private contribution. The mortgage money is another story. It goes back to last October and to the Dutch. No American TV network has ever seen anything worth reporting in Freedom City. The Dutch radio and TV network IKOR did; they sent a team over to record this struggle for freedom in Freedom City. An hour-long TV show went on the air in Holland on Christmas Day, 1966, and was repeated on February 5. There was a strong reaction; a church-oriented layman's organization known as the "Wild Goose Committee" responded. This organization has just one purpose, to meet emergency needs wherever in the world they arise, to do so immediately and by mobilizing the entire country.

On February 26, a Sunday, the "Wild Goose Committee" broadcast a five-minute radio appeal over IKOR and sent its forces out to collect. On April 4, the treasurer of Freedom City received a draft for 40,000 guilders (approximately $11,000). On April 7, the mortgage payment was met. On May 1, all the men, women and children were in the fields, planting seed in the prepared and fertilized ground. They planted soy beans, wheat and vegetables, these Negroes who had always worked in cotton. They hate cotton and refuse to plant it.

Freedom City is not all. The work of the Delta Ministry during the past two years has changed the complexion of the civil rights struggle. It is a Christian mission to bring *self-emancipation* to the Negroes of the Delta and thereby establish a new pattern of living for Negroes in the South. It would not have been possible without the Christians of the world.

For instance, in 1965 the Delta Ministry staff and volunteers were faced with the problem of hunger among thousands of families. Over the opposition of the Mississippi Welfare Department, the Delta Ministry went to Washington and obtained federal surplus foods to be given *directly* to the needy families, Negro and white. Some 150,000 families received such aid, and in March, 1967, the last available report, the number had risen to 405,000 families.

The Delta Ministry initiated the first Headstart programs in Mississippi and, before turning them over to community action groups, had seen to it that 9,000 preschool children had at least one full meal a day. Through federal programs secured by the Delta Ministry, by-passing state authorities, 3,000 Negroes found off-plantation employment. The Delta Ministry was responsible for bringing $40 million in federal aid directly to the poor Negroes and whites of the Delta, against the opposition of local Congressmen and authorities for whom calculated starvation is a strategy for getting rid of Negroes. (The Delta's biggest export is not cotton; it is Negroes shipped north.)

All during the hunger crises, the Delta Ministry struggled to launch its program. A home industry called Freedomcrafts was begun in 1965, making pecan candy. Then woodworking began with Nativity sets, beautiful

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eight-piece figurines of unusual, simple design. At four sites in the Delta counties, adults and children were taught to use jigs, to rub and finish woods. Freedomcrafts products are sold through churches all over the country.

Then the "schools" appeared up and down the Delta, from the Tennessee border to Vicksburg. In abandoned shacks, collapsing sheds and garages, wherever a roof could be found, Delta Ministry volunteers began to teach adults and children. At Freedom City, for instance, children and field hands attend classes in the barn from 5:30 to 7:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.

There are also "Citizenship Classes" for adults of voting age, which constitute, perhaps, the most important educative force in Mississippi today, for they teach the fundamentals of citizenship. It is a fact hard to grasp that after three generations without a vote or any sort of participation, people must be taught the "why" as well as the "what" of government. Among these Negroes the oldest can recall stories of grandfathers who once voted, as though it were some mystic rite. To them government is "The Man" who has no laws, regulations or restraints.

To the whites, the horror of these classses is that they produce black citizens, who may actually vote. They now have the right, through the Voting Rights Act of 1965, and the end of registration bars, poll tax, "literacy" tests no professor at Ole Miss could ever pass.

On November 7, there will be an election in Mississippi. Its outcome is unpredictable because the Delta Ministry has produced black citizens. Approximately 180,000 Negroes are expected to be voting for the "bread and butter" county offices, as well as the state offices. This will be their first chance to shake the foundations of the county system in which all white power is centered. At this writing, there are over 126 Negro candidates for county and state offices in Mississippi.

There already have been Negro candidates in Mississippi this year. There were two all-Negro slates opposing two all-white slates in the towns of Moorhead (pop. 1,784) and Sunflower City (pop. 662) on May 2. The elections were ordered by the federal courts, which had set aside the previous all-white vote for municipal offices. White slates won both elections, which was expected in Moorhead, but not in Sunflower City, where the registered Negroes outnumbered the whites by thirty-one votes. But even so, the eighty-two sets of white county officials in as many Mississippi counties are uneasy. The White Citizens Councils are fearful and fretful. The candidates for state office, from the governor down, must learn new campaign tactics since 90 per cent of the registered Negroes voted in Moorhead and Sunflower City.

For the first time since Reconstruction, candidates for office in Mississippi had to reckon with a Negro vote. For the first time since 1890 a Negro, the Delta Ministry's Joe Harris, was appointed an election official. White candidates had knocked for the first time on Negro doors for votes. For the first time in memory of Sunflower City's oldest resident the mud of the Negro streets had been covered with gravel, and those streets bore proud new signs blazoning their names in bright green and white. For the first time in Mississippi's history Negro residents received in their mail an appeal addressed "TO ALL CITIZENS OF SUNFLOWER" from the Mayor and the Police Department. ("*No one*, including the *United States Government* can *make* you vote in any election. This is your *free choice and yours alone*.")

Joseph Harris

Because of the election officials' treatment of Joe Harris, the results of the election in Sunflower City are now in the federal courts. On election eve the white board rescinded an agreement that Harris was to help all Negro voters who requested assistance in marking their ballots. This task was given a white election official, John S. Parker. To assure that the puzzled Negro would not be intimidated, the election board also ordered that a Justice Department observer be present in each case. On the face of it this guaranteed fair and impartial help.

But supposing you were a Negro in Sunflower City and you failed to indicate to John S. Parker that you intended to vote for his brother, Alderman Joel T. Parker, running for re-election? You might want a prescription filled one day and need credit at the drugstore; in Sunflower City the only drugstore is owned and run by Alderman Joel T. Parker. He received the highest Aldermanic vote.

Such arrangements, however, are standard practice in

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Mississippi county politics; what was important in the May 2 elections was the development of native Mississippi Negro leadership. Joe Harris is an example. This young man, a veteran of the civil rights movement, became eligible to vote last October 21, when he celebrated his 21st birthday. He was among those Negro youngsters who marched, sat-in, left classrooms for jail cells in 1964. A brilliant student in high school and junior college, he first sat-in in 1963. He was a student leader in Tougaloo University, near Jackson, when the Delta Ministry called him in 1965.

The Delta Ministry has twelve other Mississippi Negroes like Joe Harris on its staff of twenty-six. They all would probably reply as John Bradford did to the question of why they did not follow their families north: "My idea is that this is home to me, as I know it, and I think that if the problems here will ever be worked out, then we're going to have to do it. I don't feel that anyone else can come down here and tell us how to do it. They can come and help us with it, and help us work on it, but I think we're the ones that are going to have to fight the battle."

These young men and women are not afraid. In the Sunflower City campaign Joe Harris was a dark David taking on a political Goliath. Harris has a neighbor, just 8.4 miles from his shack in Sunflower City, and there was a political skirmish on May 2 between the two. The white neighbor is a Delta planter named James O. Eastland of Doddsville, whose 5,800 cotton acres stretch to within half a dozen miles of Sunflower City.

Eastland plays two roles, but serves only himself, at home or in the U.S. Senate. At 63, he retains the limited stature of a Mississippi county politician. His twenty-five years in Washington have been a political accident. He is not responsible for his power as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee—the Congressional "Establishment" and successive Presidents are—but this massive Senatorial nonentity is well known as Congress' leading racist and obstructionist. Eastland, the Delta planter, is not so well known. He owns the Sunflower County political structure, and the White Citizens Councils were born in his county seat of Indianola in 1954. He is wealthy, powerful and vengeful.

That is why the challenge of the Delta Ministry's young Joe Harris on November 7 has him and every other Delta planter in a dither. In fact, the coming state and county elections are a nightmare to the white power structure of all eighty-two counties. Consider Planter Eastland's case.

His rich cotton land, selling for between $400 and $500 an acre throughout the Delta, is appraised in the county tax assessor's office at $18,200, or an average of $3.14 an acre. The personal property valuation, including the cotton pickers which cost about $15,000 to replace, is set at $750. A few miles north in Ruleville, the tax valuation on the huge Eastland & Lindsey Gin Mill is $8,400. That includes everything—plant and machinery, equipment, offices. Suppose the current Sunflower County tax assessor, Mrs. F. E. Fraiser, were to be defeated for re-election and a Negro tax assessor elected by Sunflower County's 8,000 registered Negro voters? Would there be a tax reappraisal of those 5,000 Eastland acres?

But that's not all that disturbs the Senator's sleep. What if Negroes are elected as county supervisors (the key offices), and saw to it that federal money was devoted to retraining planter Eastland's cotton field hands so they could earn more than the average of 29c an hour for adults and 21c for children he paid during the last cotton chopping and picking season? The families he no longer wants, due to mechanization and the new $1 minimum per hour wage scale, would be likely to stay in Sunflower County instead of heading north. In such a catastrophe Senator Eastland would have to dig into the soil conservation payments and cotton parity price payments he receives annually from the federal government and pay for schools. That would be enough to cause a Senator to make another speech about States' rights.

This is the substance of the possible revolution on November 7 among all the Eastlands in all the Mississippi counties, no matter what the candidates say. It is why the Senator himself said that the Delta Ministry is "infiltrated by Communists," his favorite gambit which in Washington produces an impolite yawn.

There are 180,000 new and black votes which nobody can count. There are the Joe Harrises of the Delta Ministry to lead them. There is world Christianity, if not American Christianity, behind the gigantic effort to teach Negroes in darkest America to read, to earn and to vote.

For the first time in seventy-seven years, Mississippi has an opportunity to rise from its position of fiftieth state in income, education, living standards, social action and political freedom. And, for the first time, Mississippi politicians are right as they fulminate against "foreign agitators" working through the Delta Ministry. Those Christians have to be exposed wherever they operate their subversive organizations.

Deutscher and Zilliacus

(Continued from page 166)

Deutscher's chosen subjects were communism, Marxism, Soviet Russia and the emergent figures of the Revolution, but he would have been a great scholar in any other field. He read and listened to everyone's views but bowed to none, nor did he take refuge in a safe eclecticism: when he had the facts, he made up his own mind. He was living proof in his own person that a man could be a Socialist and not be subservient either to a ruling group or an official ideology. Had he remained in Poland, he might have become a member of the political elite after World War II, but he was more the scholar than the politician, and it was fortunate that he found refuge in England and outlets for his work in *The Observer* and *The Economist* — and *The Nation*. For many years he brought clarity into situations that other writers only obscured, and the fact that he had a large audience shows that intellectual ability and independence do not always go unrewarded. He died—at 60—when his research and unbiased understanding were more urgently needed than ever.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Story of a Country Doctor

A FORTUNATE MAN. *By John Berger. Photographs by Jean Mohr. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 157 pp. $5.95.*

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.
Dr. Silver is deputy assistant secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

This is a beautiful book, beautifully written, and illustrated with striking, movingly apt photographs. Its beauty should occasion no surprise because it is a long, thoughtful essay on man, written by a brilliant art critic and social commentator.

The fortunate man is Dr. John Sassall, a country doctor by choice, in a depressed English country setting. The place may not matter, in the ordinary sense, since the relativity of human experience is accentuated. However, the evocative prose and the pictures do not so much complement the scenes and episodes as give pure visual expression to the heard and spoken words:

> English autumn mornings are often like mornings nowhere else in the world. The air is cold. The floorboards are cold. It is perhaps this coldness which sharpens the tang of the hot cup of tea. Outside, steps on the gravel crunch a little more loudly than a month ago because of the very slight frost.

Berger has undertaken to evoke two levels of humanity in his long, somewhat rambling essay: *the* country doctor, and *a* country doctor. Sassall, *a* country doctor, comes through more strongly than the genus, particularly since the photographs of the grim parish he serves and its moody parishioners command our attention even when the essayist is generalizing on man, the role of the doctor or eschatology. One parishioner:

> With the warm water and cotton wool he cleaned away the little droplet of blood from her worn, large arm, the colour of stone or bread, as though it had acquired the colour through its scrubbing and baking.

And another:

> She wore a very worn black lace petticoat. The room was as little furnished as the kitchen. There was a large bed in one corner with some blankets on it and some more blankets on the floor. There was also a chest of drawers with a clock on it and a transistor radio. The windows were overgrown with thick ivy and since there was no plaster ceiling and holes in the rafters, the room scarcely seemed geometric and was more like a hide in a wood.

It is refreshing, and necessary for an objective writer to undertake to describe the other world of medicine, the one of care and cure. Some potboiling novelists have managed to earn several livelihoods from romanticizing medicine just as others have done rather well by grim surgery on the profession and professionals. Somehow the view of the doctor-patient cosmos isolated from economics and politics has not had a fair exposure. Berger compensates for this:

> We can now return to our original question. How is it that Sassall is acknowledged as a good doctor? By his cures? This would seem to be the answer. But I doubt it. You have to be a startlingly bad doctor and make many mistakes before the results tell against you. In the eyes of the layman the results alway tend to favour the doctor. No, he is acknowledged as a good doctor because he meets the deep but unformulated expectation of the sick for a sense of fraternity. He recognizes them. Sometimes he fails—often because he has missed a critical opportunity and the patient's suppressed resentment becomes too hard to break through—but there is about him the constant will of a man trying to recognize.

An image emerges of what the golden-age doctor might have been—or should have been. Berger touches on the pity and pain and fear which has been the traditional role of the doctor to allay. In the few vignettes of the doctor's patients he introduces the sensitivity and selflessness a doctor is expected to have and the vast relief it can bring.

About to leave a desperately sick woman's side, recognizing the unvoiced despair of her husband, Dr. Sassall stays, asks for a cup of tea, chats, taking the time for reassurance in response to a mute plea. Gravely treating a young girl, in symptoms that might have been dismissed as adolescence or egocentricity, sympathetically he finds a need for self-expression:

> "I sometimes wonder," he says, "how much of me is the last of the old traditional country doctor and how much of me is a doctor of the future. Can you be both?"

Our health planning and budgeting today, necessary as it may be, comprehends the loss of the human relationship, but seems unable to replace or sustain it. Family doctors are disappearing, relatively and absolutely, in numbers. Perhaps compassionate support was never really there to the degree we would like to think it ought to be now. It certainly cannot ever be without the Sassalls. In looking to a future in which better medical care is brought to all of our people, we need better organization, more specialists, a wider distribution of all types of physicians, and new types of health workers. But without the deep insights and sympathy and understanding of a figure like the family doctor, interposed between the mechanical marvels of modern scientific medicine and suffering men, it will be hopeless.

Within the struggling pilot programs of community health services and neighborhood health centers, there will need to be Sassalls — questioning, listening, hastening to serve and soothe. Peabody said: "The secret of the care of the patient is caring for the patient." And Berger makes a similar point:

> Some of the young who decide to become doctors are at first influenced by this ideal. But I would suggest that one of the fundamental reasons why so many doctors become cynical and disillusioned is precisely because, when the abstract idealism has worn thin, they are uncertain about the value of the actual lives of the patients they are treating. This is not because they are callous or personally inhuman: it is because they live in and accept a society which is incapable of knowing what a human life is worth.

Before we simply sigh and put Berger's book away, responsible medical educators might consider using it as a text in medicine and perhaps as the best examination for admission to medical school. Anyone who reads it un-

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moved should not become a doctor;

> We give the doctor access to our bodies. Apart from the doctor, we only grant such access voluntarily to lovers—and many are frightened to do even this. Yet the doctor is a comparative stranger.

There is another aspect to Berger's deep, thoughtful commentary. He correlates the dilemma of the doctor's questioning to humanity's quest, and here he makes equally striking observations. In a not unlikely analogy he sees Sassall as a creation of Conrad's—an ex-navy officer, living a shipboard life, whose interim existence is of the same questing nature of Conrad's heroes:

> The rooms remind one of a ship's officer's cabin. There is the same cosiness, the same ingenuity in fitting many things into a small space, the same odd juxtaposition of domestic furniture and personal effects with instruments and appliances.
>
> It is as though time became the equivalent of Conrad's sea: the sickness the equivalent of the weather. It is time which can promise "the peace of God" and which can lash and destroy with "unimaginable" fury. Again, I am forced to use what may be a clumsy metaphor in the attempt to define a hidden, subjective experience—the generalized impact on a doctor's imagination of the suffering which he meets almost daily and which cannot be settled by writing prescriptions.

Not merely the analogue of Sassall to Conrad heroes but the stuff of which we ourselves, every day, doctor or patient, search for and seek—the roots of life and its meanings:

> It is impossible to say now whether this period of crisis was induced by his decision to examine within himself the basis of what up to now he had projected outwards as "the unimaginable," or whether he entered a period of crisis and therefore decided to look more closely at himself. Either way it bears some resemblance to the period of isolation and crisis which precedes in Siberian and African medicine the professional emergence of the shaman or the inyanga. The Zulus have a name for this process. The inyanga, they say, suffers because the spirits will give him no peace and he becomes "a house of dreams."

A beautiful book. Sociologists have said all this about doctors and the doctor-patient relationship and the divergence of expectation of the two. But there is a world of difference between Berger's creative presentation and a sociological document: the difference between Oscar Lewis and Zola, for example, on the culture of poverty.

MAGIC NIGHT AT THE REFORMATORY

We're here because we're here, and the gray-haired salesman begins
Our act with coins, plucking them out of the air
With his white fingers;
And in this room, in this building, in a reformatory,
All the young men sit still in their folding chairs
To see him making
Something from nothing. When he coughs, the coins spill out of his nose
Into a nickel-plated bucket. He grins.
What am I doing
Grinning here with the others, shaking, waiting my turn,
Sweating it out at the edge of the platform?
The trick is showing
Your teeth at the right time. What Every Boy Should Know.
The applause goes on, then off; they pass it out,
Then jerk it back,
Looking around to see what the others are putting or taking.
The money shines in their eyes; they purse their mouths.
Now the fat banker
Is tearing a newspaper down and crossways, dividing
Who from How and cutting the bad news
In half again and again
To a wad the size of a wallet and then unfolding it whole.
"For God's sake, don't teach them anything they can use,"
The warden said,
"And no female assistants." Deadpanned, they slump in their seats,
Not being fooled, not being taken in.
The doctor cuts a rope,
Knots it, restores it, and bumbles offstage, dropping his scissors.
The architect conjures doves from a warming pan,
And one flaps up,
Goes skittering around the windowless room, flies back
To become a squab which he gnaws for an exit.
And then I'm on
With only a deck of cards, watching my hands grow thick
Through waterfall and accordion shuffles, fans,
Sloppy arm-turnovers,
And color changes I learned when I was too young and too lucky
To get arrested except on Hallowe'en.
I remember friends
Who taught me to steal books, then how to write them.
What kind of sleight of hand will work tomorrow?
What kind of example
Were we supposed to be? The white, Indian, and Negro
Faces are watching to see what we can do,
If anything—
Production, destruction, restoration, illusion, manipulation,
With no intermission, with nothing usable
In a house of correction,
And I finish by throwing cards with a flick of the wrist, skimming
One after the other over their heads
And into the dark
At the back of the room where they smack into the wall, then drop
To the floor like sparrows conking themselves on glass.
The random applause
Says nothing to anyone. The lights go on. One Indian
Is trying to throw a card with a flick of the wrist.
It sticks in his fingers.
And we, the nervous Society of American Magicians,
Cluster to talk about ourselves. The guards

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Reform the audience
And file it loud and long through a corridor, to vanish.
Under the floodlit night, we stroll to the gate
Which opens as if by magic.

DAVID WAGONER

What's That in the Tank?

THE TIME OF FRIENDSHIP. *By Paul Bowles. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 215 pp. $4.95.*

CHARLES T. SAMUELS
Mr. Samuels, who teaches at Williams College, is at work on a critical study of Henry James.

Paul Bowles's previous collection of short fiction, published seventeen years ago, was dedicated to "my mother, who first read me the stories of Poe," but Bowles improved on his master. With muted prose, he refined Poe's menacing but frequently hysterical atmosphere, while his tropical and African settings provided a more plausible backdrop for terror than Poe could dream up in his New York Grub Street. More important, Bowles writes out of an ironist's vision of human bestiality, whereas Poe writes mostly for emotional effect. Nevertheless, master and pupil share defects of clarity and variety which are as evident in Bowles's new stories as in *The Delicate Prey*.

"Doña Faustina" begins its black course in a way Poe might have envied ("No one could understand why Doña Faustina had bought the inn."), and its puzzles create progressive anxiety. What ripples the water from the bottom of Doña Faustina's tank? Why does she allow a mestizo interloper to rape her, and what did she feed him before the act?

Bowles's answers are appropriately awful. The lady bought the inn for the purpose of hiding kidnaped babies, the tank contained crocodiles to which she fed their corpses, and her *banquet d'amour* was a baby's heart. The heart should have conferred "the power of thirty-seven" (presumably babies) on the offspring of her violation, but the significance of so bizarre an act is still in doubt by the end of the tale. Doña Faustina's son does become so strong and cunning that he is made a police colonel, but when he captures thirty-seven bandits in a stunning coup, he lets them go. Did Bowles intend a joke about the unexpected effect of witchcraft (including a parody of the Resurrection: the boy's name is Jesus Maria) or a warning against exotic diets? The ending encourages facetiousness, but the rest of the tale is too sinister to be taken for comedy.

More characteristic but equally puzzling is "Tapiama," about an American photographer in the tropics who lets himself be taken to an island cantina, where he gets drunk and encounters some ominous denizens. As events become more phantasmagoric, the hero's desire to attain freedom through self-abandonment seems to fail him. Challenged to remain, he loses heart; but when he tries to row himself back to his hotel he gets lost, only to be picked up by five men who refuse him return. Instead they insist that he repeat the sound of a talking bird that caws *"Idigaraga"* at them from a nearby tree.

His experience is a nightmare "whose painful logic he followed with the entire fiber of his being, without however, once being given a clear vision of what agonizing destinies were at stake." After creating the experience with great power and vividness, Bowles leaves the reader just as perplexed. The five men tell the photographer that the bird is one which invades others' nests and bemoans its unpopularity when expelled, but any parallel that might be drawn to the hero is confounded by his unbirdlike passivity and indifference.

A third evocative tale is more deft in characterization and complex in structure. "The Hours After Noon" concerns a pension proprietor described, in the first section, as a woman whose dissatisfaction with her present makes her hate the romantic past which throws it into low relief. The story's epigraph (from Baudelaire), a pattern of statements and verbal echoes, bits of action and décor—even the heroine's name (Mrs. Callender)—all point to a serious consideration of time and memory; but the plot scarcely articulates the theme. Mrs. Callender nearly causes an affair between her daughter and a roué guest by warning the girl against a surrender which would, in effect, repeat her own past. However, the affair doesn't come off, while the girl becomes involved but quickly uninvolved with another man. Nevertheless, the story concludes with the roué's murder, though Bowles makes it difficult to know who killed him and why.

Seldom does one encounter stories so carefully composed, with atmosphere so commanding, prose so fluent, and purpose so little ascertainable. One walks through a dream where everything is simultaneously vivid and muffled. There are exceptions, like "The Wind at Beni Midar," a gruesome anecdote about superstition, and "The Hyena" and "The Garden," parables whose ironic dispatch provides especially sharp versions of Bowles's belief that evil is unconquerable. Other tales like "The Successor" and "A Friend of the World" are clearly conceived, but they are too slight to relieve the book's mood of indefinite malaise.

The title story, about a Swiss schoolteacher wintering in Algeria, who befriends a street urchin, is the volume's one substantial success. Making the boy her factotum, the schoolteacher inspires "an attitude of respect bordering on adoration . . . [which] never altered unless she inadvertently tangled with the subject of Islam. . . ." Beneath her friendship and charity, unacknowledged but determinant, is a sense that the boy is culturally inferior, as well as poor. Trying to train him in the civilized religion of the Nazarenes, the schoolteacher fails, but she thinks she has attained a truer understanding of Slimane, the street urchin.

Throughout their friendship, she knew that the worsening Algerian War would soon make her vacations impossible. What she did not know was that Slimane longed to reach a city where he could take part in it. When she is finally expelled by the French, the tearful boy insists on accompanying her to her place of departure. By allowing him to bid his friend goodby however, she has unwittingly provided him with the chance to be killed by the very civilized people

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she had wanted him to emulate. As her train pulls out, she wryly thinks: "If only death were absolutely certain in wartime. . . . the waiting would not be so painful."

"The Time of Friendship" is the best story Bowles has published, but it is so absolutely atypical, both in its realistic cultural implications and in its tenderness, that it prevents us from making any generalizations about his art. When I reviewed Bowles's most recent novel in 1966, I recommended that we reconsider this once celebrated writer who had grown into a neglected middle age. *Up Above the World* was also neglected, and I now think I know why. Save for the title story, the new collection reveals neither development nor deepening. Bowles's style is still masterly in its maintenance of tension. His vision is still acerbic and his inventions exotic. But his significance still shimmers fitfully; and when we reach the bottom, it seems either shallow or stagnant. There may be a crocodile down there, but if his teeth haven't gone bad they still chew the same stuff.

Upheaval in a Chinese Village

FANSHEN: A Documentary of Revolution in a Chinese Village. *By William Hinton. Monthly Review Press. 637 pp. $12.50.*

C. P. FITZGERALD

Mr. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author of Birth of Communist China *and, most recently,* Concise History of East Asia (*both Frederick A. Praeger*).

Fanshen is an extraordinary book; it was beyond expectation that twenty-one years after the end of the Second World War there could still appear a work by a first-hand observer of the early phase of the Chinese Communist Revolution, the land distribution which followed the surrender of the Japanese armies in China and was concurrent with the civil war which ended the Nationalist rule. The book covers these years, late 1945, 1946 and 1947, down to the end of 1948, when the final triumph of the Communist People's Liberation Army was a foregone conclusion.

The scene is the village which Mr. Hinton translates as "Long Bow Village" (a slightly pedantic rendering, as if we were to call a Fletcher Street, Arrow Maker's Street). This village is examined in great detail, the lives of its inhabitants are related from the years before the war, through the Japanese occupation, and then through the momentous happenings of the early revolutionary phase. Hinton knew these people, interviewed them and recorded their stories, judged their characters. The book is a true documentary based on very copious notes, which after many years of legal obstruction at last became available to the author and permitted him to produce this invaluable report.

It will, one may hope, dispose of many myths, both those of the Left and of the Right. Peasants undergoing revolutionary changes, and their local leadership, appear neither as pure heroes of the people, nor yet as devils of destruction and subversion but as human beings still inspired with hopes, still divided by jealousies, greed and fear, still apt to take advantage of their new authority, and yet struggling out of their ignorance and limited lives to create something new and fundamentally different from the age-old pattern of rural existence in China.

All this, as observed in Long Bow, went on in the province of Shansi, which before the war was always called the "model province," because it had no civil wars and kept out of those of other provinces; it had much less banditry, and had made some development of communications and some industrial progress. Hinton does not refer to these facts, which put the story he tells into an even sharper light. For in the "model province," it is now all too clear, the ancient oppression of the poor by the rich, the subjection of the peasantry to the rural landlords was as cruel and as prevalent as anywhere else.

Even so, as he notes, Long Bow had an unusually mixed population; there were many families who had come to this mountain village from the plains of Hopei—where the armies countermarched year by year, and even from Shantung. These people were in fact refugees from the even greater evils of life in their native districts. Instead of huge bandit armies and the scarcely better forces sent out to fight them, they found in Shansi and in Long Bow settled landlords, still ruling the village, and in the ancient manner. There might as well have been no republican revolution in 1911. In Long Bow life was unchanged since time immemorial.

The Japanese invasion, which divided the people into collaborators and resistance, was the first shock; the surrender of Japan and the coming of the Communist forces, the incorporation of the village into the Liberated Area of the Shansi-Hopei-Honan-Shantung Border Region, one of the largest areas which by the end of the war had become a Communist Liberated region, was the second and decisive transformation. Land reform began at once; the landlords, not very numerous, but owning more than half the lands in the village, were dispossessed, in some cases slain, and in almost all cases driven away with nothing but their clothes. The close connection between collaborators and landlords helped to give a touch of extra ferocity to this phase.

The movement was still in the hands of the peasants, mostly poor peasants. The local Communist Party had not yet been formed, the district party machine was not yet in control of the rural villages. As Hinton truly says, this phase could have turned out as no more than a "*jacquerie*," an ill-organized, spontaneous uprising of the most oppressed, and would infallibly have been destroyed through its own lack of cohesion and program for the future had not the Communist Party come onto the scene and, over three years, gradually instilled discipline, order and a step-by-step program for rational land division and economic progress. One all-important fact emerges with perfect clarity; the Chinese agrarian revolution was spontaneous; the consolidation of that movement into a social and political revolution was the work of the Communist Party, and without that organization it would never have succeeded. This is a fact which should be pondered in other countries in Asia.

The Chinese Communist leaders were from the first aware of the difficulties and obstacles that must be overcome. It is perhaps ironic today to read the following quotation from Liu Shao-ch'i, the much abused "top party person." In his book, *How To Be a Good Communist,* Liu writes:

> . . . even if the opposition and rebuff of the great majority of people force him (the Communist) into temporary isolation—glorious isolation—and even if on this account he may be endangered he will still be able t stem the tide and uphold truth and will never resign himself to drifting with the tide. So far as he himself is concerned he has nothing to fear . . . for the sake of certain important aims of the Party and of the Revolution he is required to endure insults, shoulder heavy burdens, and to do work which he is reluctant to do . . .

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Hinton shows that whatever may now be said of the man who wrote those prophetic words, this was the standard of conduct which dedicated members of the party tried to apply and often succeeded in attaining.

An interesting aspect of the life of Long Bow, which as the author says will somewhat dim the existing image of the old Chinese family, is the evidence he provides not only for vice and licentious conduct by the landlord families but also for loose morals among the peasantry. It is perhaps possible that the mixed population of Long Bow, with many residents who were not natives of the village or had parents who had migrated there, made this feature of life more prominent than it may have been in villages where the clan structure was less impaired and more stable. The influence of this factor on the struggles for land reform and revolutionary reconstruction was often significant. It is a point which helps to explain, what every visitor to Communist China observes, the obsessive puritanism of the present society.

Much must have happened in Long Bow in the past seventeen years. The meticulous sharing out of the land will have been superseded by the Co-operative Farm and then by the Commune. It would be fascinating to know, from a village so closely observed in the early stage, how these later developments were received in a community which Hinton has rendered so live and vivid to the reader that each individual and family becomes a familiar character.

Finally there is the question: What does the Cultural Revolution mean to such people, who have undergone a still more significant cultural revolution already—that which transformed them from degraded illiterates into men and women who can now read and write.

If these questions cannot be answered by the exact and objective observation of a Western scholar, all who study modern China must be grateful for what they have received, a definitive report on what really went on when the Communist Revolution came to China.

The Fragmented Approach

THE THIRD BOOK ABOUT ACHIM. *By Uwe Johnson. Harcourt, Brace & World. 246 pp. $5.75.*

BRIDGES AND BARS. *By Rolf Schneider. The Viking Press. 189 pp. $4.95.*

POSTWAR GERMAN THEATRE. *Edited and translated by Michael Benedikt and George E. Wellwarth. E. P. Dutton & Co. 348 pp. $7.50.*

E. R. von FREIBURG

Von Freiburg is a pseudonym for a bilingual East-West writer team of two who have lived in both Germanys for many years.

For Uwe Johnson, who left East Germany in 1959, yet could never completely lose it nor find himself in West Germany, his homeland is not merely divided but kaleidoscopically splintered. In novel after novel, with endless pains, he sweeps the glittering shards of his national identity together and tries to make them function, if not as what they were, then at least as what they are or might be, knowing from the start that even this melancholy compromise must fail.

In his third novel, which could as aptly be titled "The Third Book about Uwe," he is once again pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of Germany's truth, which always beckons from that side of the frontier where he is not, and lures him "home from home."

Truth? Well, "the things you'd call the truth, since that's how it looks to you," as Karsch says. Karsch is Uwe Johnson's alter ego, an invented West German writer who has agreed to write Achim's biography. A sort of Holy Ghost, he exists solely in his function, which is to mediate between Johnson and his subject. The subject—insofar as one can determine it, piecemeal as it is presented—is an East German bicycle champion, former Hitler youth, and later, thanks to having been star athlete and pin-up boy of the German Democratic Republic, a deputy to the People's Chamber. We get op art views of the champion and his associates, which tease the eye with bars and dots of negative description. Here we see, in not seeing, Achim's girl friend Karin:

> . . . for some time now he began sensing her presence again before he actually saw her, as though she filled an open, only temporarily covered spot in his attention with the long-expected reality of footsteps and echo and long-limbed motion; I mean: he'd recognize her from the way eyes followed her, like a furrow, as she walked from the door to the counter.

The author's preoccupation with manipulating light—literally, light—also comes through in such straightforward passages as, "The light from the small table lamps, the wind-ridden light from the street lamps and the gray radiance of night merged across his notebooks." But the expected is what Johnson never gives you. He slips you "if I see what you mean" when you were just anticipating "if you see what I mean." He cancels life in the living and admits it to objects: "In the middle of the blue crowd empty streetcars stood waiting, nonplused and yellow." Nothing is whole, all is eye-dazzling juxtaposition of fragmented approaches. The very paragraphs may suddenly be left dangling, without a period, the thought itself abandoned. The new paragraph may start unindented, in the middle of an unheralded remark from elsewhere.

The extraordinary presentation appears to be the result not of any straining for originality but of the real obstructions set up by our warring world and the objective impossibility of "getting the facts" in their entirety from either side, East or West, as long as the state of war persists. The purpose of the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't technique is presumably to eliminate the clichés that proceed from deceptive brightness—that is, light which by revealing too much actually reveals nothing.

Unfortunately, not much is revealed this way either. When Johnson shows us his hero in the flashes of a broken mirror (with so many details missing between the pieces) and tells us in effect, "We can never really find the truth about the two Germanys or anything else," we may agree if we have stuck with him to the end, but many readers will lose patience long before that; for as Johnson

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so disarmingly confesses on page 96, "this is not a story." It is the negation of a story, moving crabwise from one anti-climax to the next. Thus Karsch tries to describe Achim's first visit to West Berlin where he felt like a foreigner:

> Nothing invited him . . . he was as distant from them [the West Berliners] as the impression of Sunday morning from working days; there was movement all around him that left him standing still, the way Sunday stops and leaves one standing alone and helpless in lonely rooms. In this clean remoteness in this neat foreign country, Sundaylike alone and insecure.
>
> —Something like that perhaps? asked Karsch.
>
> —Might be: said Achim. — Perhaps: he said.
>
> In a way . . .

Possibly for related reasons, Rolf Schneider does not emerge in *Bridges and Bars* as a whole or convincing personality. One of East Germany's more gifted and versatile younger writers, best known for his competent radio plays, Schneider seems to be trying to prove in this collection of short stories that he can also juggle the unfamiliar and do literary saltos, and as a circus performer imitating the West and the past he really does succeed admirably, he amuses and diverts, although with a singularly waxen humor. One wonders: Is this his way of coping with the heartaches of being a German—by evading, rehashing, play-acting? Some of the stories so blatantly resemble famous models, from Kafka to Grass, that one is bound to assume Schneider did them as a playful exercise; one is tempted to write "very good" at the top and hand his paper back to him. Indeed, the writing is most accomplished. It is synthetic, that is all.

Two of the ten playwrights in *Postwar German Theatre* are Swiss, one is a Hungarian living in Switzerland, and one was a prewar dramatist. Eight of the eleven plays are one-acters, none is by an East German; and of West Germany's important writers for the stage, Rolf Hochhuth, Martin Walser and Christian Geissler are left out. The translations are excellent, but the leitmotiv of this disappointingly biased selection is the entrapped and self-pitying intellectual in the modern world, which does not give a fair picture of the German drama today. A notable treasure in the volume (apart from the three full-length classics by Kaiser, Borchert and Sylvanus) is Tankred Dorst's witty "Freedom for Clemens," about a man who prefers yearning for freedom to actually choosing it when it is offered.

Third-Party Expectations

GIDEON'S ARMY. *By Curtis D. MacDougall. Introduction by H. H. Wilson. Marzani & Munsell. 3 Vols. 884 pp., $19.50.*

CYNTHIA L. ADCOCK

Mrs. Adcock's studies in history and journalism have centered on American radicalism and the Progressive Party.

The notion that the Presidential election of 1968 is likely to be a repeat of 1948 appears often in the American press today. James Reston, Tom Wicker, *The New Republic*'s T.R.B., and other columnists anticipate four candidates: a Democrat (Johnson); a Republican; a States'-Righter (George Wallace of Alabama replacing the 1948 contender Strom Thurmond), and a peace-civil rights candidate in place of Henry Wallace, Progressive Party candidate in 1948.

Indeed, many basic elements of the political situations then and now are similar. A legendary, liberal President (Roosevelt, Kennedy) died in office, and was replaced by a relatively conservative Vice President (Truman, Johnson); corn-ball humor replaced sophistication in the White House. Henry Wallace and the most prominent of Roosevelt's liberal advisers were sent into exile by Truman; Robert Kennedy and many New Frontiersmen have left Johnson's Administration. In 1948, we had escalation of the cold war to be followed by the Korean War; today we have the war in Vietnam.

These similarities make it timely to reread the story of the Progressive Party of 1948. *Gideon's Army*, by Curtis MacDougall, narrates the growth of the Progressive movement from Henry Wallace's defeat for the 1944 Vice Presidential nomination to his defeat as Progressive Presidential candidate. Volume I carried the story up to Wallace's announcement that he would run for President. Only the most interested reader will fight his way through the turgid repetitive prose, the succession of headline clichés in place of analysis, and the errors in punctuation that veil the author's meaning. Inexpert writing notwithstanding, MacDougall is professor of journalism at Northwestern, and was for many years a practicing journalist. He ran for the Senate from Illinois on the Progressive ticket, and has an insider's knowledge of the movement. When he narrates the Progressive campaign itself, in Volumes II and III, his writing improves markedly; we are caught up in the drama, and find that he, too, seeks to analyze the experience.

For MacDougall, "the story of the Progressive party of 1948 is one of an unsuccessful attempt to impress the electorate with the prime importance of foreign affairs as they related to world peace." The basic technique of the campaign was that of mass appeal by the national leaders, Wallace and Vice Presidential candidate Sen. Glen Taylor. The party's greatest weakness was the failure to build local organizations.

Although Communists and extreme left wingers were very active in the party, MacDougall sees their influence as generally "conservative." They restrained Wallace's tendency to rant about "Wall Street imperialism," and urged him to emphasize bread-and-butter issues rather than foreign policy. In an extensive discussion of Progressive platform writing, MacDougall shows that no clear-cut Left-Right schism existed, and his hundreds of interviews with party workers since 1950 lend weight to these conclusions.

In the story of the Progressive Party, it is the overwhelming predominance of Henry Agard Wallace which looms largest. Liberals and radicals alike made a cult of this corn-fed, apolitical, idealistic product of America's heartland, who used the rhetoric of Eastern urban radicals and the Popular Front. He gave to radicals the hope that all of America could be converted. In a chilling intimate portrait, however, MacDougall shows us Henry Wallace as cold, stingy and smug, the kind of man who could say: "I always made it clear whenever extremists were in conversation with me that I believe in God."

The naive trust with which he was received by party workers no longer exists—it cannot be granted to Robert Kennedy or any other major politician today. Nor are today's politicians likely to duplicate the innocent enthusiasm with which Wallace left his party to lead a personal crusade (he did not even put up a battle for the Democratic Presidential nomination).

Wallace was willing to leave his party because he confidently expected a large vote of approval from the American people rather than the overwhelming defeat he suffered. The expectation was for 5 million votes; 1 million were actually received. (The party won no electoral votes and only 2.38 per cent of the popular vote.)

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The Progressives' aim was to demonstrate that "the United States is not behind the bipartisan reactionary war policy which is dividing the world into two armed camps." And though opposition to Truman's foreign policy was quite as widespread as is present opposition to the war in Vietnam, 1948 (and 1966 as well) demonstrate how poorly peace candidates may run.

The Progressives of 1948 believed firmly in the promise of the New Deal, and aimed at restoring a valid tradition to its rightful place. To do so a third party seemed a natural response if the two major parties were abandoning the tradition. Today the Left is bewildered and divided in its explanations for what soured the tradition. How did the enthusiasm of the New Deal welfare programs produce for millions the despondency of life on the dole? Or the war machine, built to defend us against Hitler, sow the seeds for Vietnam and for future Vietnams, with helicopters in Thailand and napalm in Peru? A third party seems self-defeating and premature to much of the Left today. From SDS to SNCC to older radicals, the Left is dissatisfied with protest techniques; it wants to concentrate on building a political movement with a commitment that will last beyond any single issue like Vietnam.

MacDougall's book makes obvious another significant difference between 1948 and our own times. In 1948 the Left was an exiled "rump" of a major party, coalesced about a single national leader-in-exile. It thus resembled the other Progressive parties of our century —Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moosers of 1912 and the La Follette movement in 1924. Today the Left more closely resembles the early stages of the two most successful third parties in our history, the Republicans in the 1850s, and the Populists of the 1890s. Both were strongest on the local level, based on well-established protest movements led by a variety of regional organizers and bitterly alienated from the national leadership of major parties.

In 1948 American radicalism was organized about the Democratic Party. The major groups in the Progressive Party were those who had formed in 1944 to support Roosevelt's re-election. Indeed, many radicals had enjoyed Establishment status under Roosevelt. Today the civil rights and peace movements are outside the Establishment. They contend equally with Democratic and Republican foot dragging. When they turn to electoral politics, activists from both movements build their own organizations and select their own candidates, even if these run in the Democratic primary. The "CIPA" movement (Committees for Independent Political

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("Stampede, any headlong flight of a large group; from the Mex.-Sp.* estampida *or 'uproar.'"*)

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Action) proliferates, but still only in local politics.

In the absence of a national leader-in-exile, and with radicals very skeptical of a national third party, it seems unlikely that a major independent challenge to President Johnson will develop in 1968. Liberals, dissatisfied with the war in Vietnam, are more likely to defect to the Republican Party, as the ADA recently warned the President.

The very complexity of our political society militates against new parties. No single group is strong enough to change the structure. Change must come through coalition and compromise, usually through the vehicles of the major parties. The primary election makes intra-party accommodation even more likely. The electoral-vote system, where the winner takes all of a state's votes, makes a minor party almost a hopeless cause. Since 1948, new nominating petition and vote-winning requirements for getting on the ballot have multiplied the difficulties as well.

Minor parties of course agitated for many reforms later adopted by the major parties—the convention system of nominations, woman and Negro suffrage, direct election of Senators, the income tax, prohibition, and postal savings bonds. But nonparty pressure groups engaged in similar agitation. And third parties have even more often served as burial grounds for reforms, such as the single tax, free coinage of silver, fiat money and government ownership of railroads and telegraph lines. In short, the third party is not a proven vehicle for advancing change, especially of foreign policy. Perhaps they are more often a safety valve for frustrated reformers and radicals. In a society as bureaucratic as ours, such emotional release is valuable, and Progressive Party workers remember their crusade with intense nostalgia.

MacDougall credits the Progressive Party with causing an immediate shift to the left by the Democratic Party. Today, bogged down in Vietnam, our cities filled with racial unrest, and the war on poverty ground to a halt, the change seems neither significant nor lasting. The threat of a Democratic schism did cause Truman to veto the Taft-Hartley bill, but he made no effort to prevent Congress from voting to override. Truman evinced no feeling of obligation to the Left after he was re-elected.

A successful party, minor or major, requires an organized power base, and this the Progressives lacked. Does such an independent base for a new third party exist today? Economic conditions, too, are a paramount factor in the success of third parties. When a major price drop is combined with a severe or prolonged drop in business activity, protest voting reaches new heights. When the war in Vietnam is over, will a recession follow? It is such factors, rather than any foreign policy issue, that augur the fate of a future third party. At any rate, these seem to be the lessons of 1948 for the politicians of 1968.

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Heroes of a Bad Time

CHILDREN OF CRISIS: A Study of Courage and Fear. *By Robert Coles, M.D. Little, Brown & Co. 401 pp. $8.50.*

ROBERT BELENKY

Mr. Belenky is associate professor, Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Boston College.

Children of Crisis is an important social document about the personal correlates of political change in the American South. Robert Coles, a child psychiatrist, spent several years in the South, first as an Air Force doctor and then as a participant observer in the civil rights struggles of the early 1960s. He became particularly concerned with the effects of these struggles on those who fought: the children, their parents and teachers, the civil rights activists and the racists. Coles lived among the protagonists, became a trusted and helpful friend to many and listened patiently to all.

> What I am trying to do [Coles explains] is describe certain lives; specifically, describe the way those lives have come to terms with the political and social changes that have taken place in a particular region of this country. . . . I have tried . . . to . . . locate my body and mind where certain citizens are up against difficult times, so that their lives, like those of the sick, may have something to teach the rest of us.

A most unusual mental health practitioner, Dr. Coles has produced a labor of love—no, a love song—to his "patients" (clinical terms don't really apply—we should call them friends, I suppose). Through them psychiatrist Coles has "gained insights" about being in touch with life and the world. He in turn has attempted to pass the message on.

But communication is not always free of clutter. Coles's perspective is sometimes uncertain. Torn between a totally involved, advocacy-of-change position and an objective, remote and scientifically correct stance, he sometimes sounds as if he is at a clinical staffing or a professorial colloquium. Most of the time, however, he resolves the conflict by saying simply what he thinks.

Coles himself manages to emerge at least as clearly as do the people he describes. He is an interesting man, ambling, comfortable, loquacious. Although he writes about revolution with considerable sympathy, there is a notable absence of strident, jarring sound. He writes as if smoking a pipe. His manner is gentle, humane, almost aesthetic. One can readily understand why people, busy in the midst of shattering crises, would choose to spend so much of their time in conversation with this man.

Coles provides us with rare opportunities to know a diverse selection of people living in the eye of the storm: Ruby, a 6-year-old Negro girl who had to brave angry mobs each day in order to attend a nearly empty classroom; a cultured white schoolteacher who al-

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most fainted when she saw a Negro woman in the shower but who came eventually to request an integrated classroom (not really a *non sequitur*); a puritanical, self-denying Negro teacher who does not want integration—"we're so anxious to 'integrate' that some of us are willing to lose ourselves, to disappear"; Larry, the white liberal in conflict who came to be useful, respected, appreciated—despite himself . . . and then there were shopkeepers, professors, a grand Southern lady and others.

He discovers that little of what he sees can be understood in terms of psychopathology, either of the individual or of groups. Neither the little school children, nor the civil rights demonstrators, nor even the lynchers and burners are by and large mentally ill or in any real sense beyond the fringes of workaday encounters. And Coles concludes that participation in struggle, even when it becomes most frightening and discouraging, may have a salutary effect on the human psyche. Ruby said: "So I told Granny that as bad as they make it for us, the stronger I'll get."

But the actors are never larger than life; they are neither heroes nor villains of the monumental sort. The message that continually comes through is that, despite our expectations, people involved on all sides were perfectly ordinary—just like the rest of us. Most seemed simply to have been thrust by accident into the mainstream of history and there they managed to swim only because they weren't prepared to sink. Although most modern psychiatrists leave little to chance, Dr. Coles seems to be saying that people often *happen* to get caught in a tidal movement of social forces and just simply do what they have to.

On the other hand, Coles precisely discards historical determinism. People are most assuredly *not* passively buffeted about by circumstances but in fact create circumstances—sometimes with considerable fervor. As with everything else there seems to be a middle ground, a dialectic, and more fascinating even than the philosophy are the explorations of the people, those, for example, who buck the current: the determined Southern white liberals, sometimes secretly heroic, often by necessity openly so; or those who swim with the ebbing ante-bellum tide and must spend enormous psychic energy to maintain the conditions of a fantasy—that complex of myth and feelings known as American racism. Then there are those who change. George, although presumably still a segregationist, first torments Lois, then considers her "our nigger" and finally asks to sign her yearbook out of respect, sympathy and admiration—as well as guilt.

Coles is at his best when he describes and records. He is a fine social documenter—a journalist in the best sense—and his book is a rich provision of sensitively excavated material of the recent struggles in the South.

THEATRE

ROBERT F. SAYRE

Mr. Sayre is a member of the English Department and Center for Modern Letters at the University of Iowa, and the author of The Examined Self: Benjamin Franklin, Henry Adams, Henry James (*Princeton*).

San Francisco

This summer's productions of the San Francisco Mime Troupe have been Commedia dell' Arte versions of Carlo Goldoni's *L'Amant Militaire* (translated by Betty Schwimmer, adapted by Joan Holden), and Lope de Rueda's *Olive Pits* (adapted by Peter Berg and Peter Cohon). The "theatres," as has been the case for the last six years, are public parks in San Francisco and the Bay Area, where *Olive Pits* is done Wednesdays-Fridays and *L'Amant* weekends.

On the surface, this combination must seem like an awful anomaly, another San Francisco weirdy to go with jazz-poetry and cable cars. In New York, after all, "authentic" revivals of commedia are for college drama societies, the park is for Shakespeare (if possible), and Goldoni and Lope de Rueda are for Off-Broadway.

Yet in San Francisco it all works. *L'Amant* is an hour and three-quarters of grotesque anti-military satire, in which the analogy of the Spanish imperial army in Italy and the United States in Vietnam is quite intended and deftly elaborated. The Pantalone is a grabby collaborator who is interested in marrying his ravishing daughter to the Spanish "Generale." The Harlequin is a sweet little guy who gets tricked into enlisting and then, when he tries to get out by dressing as a woman, gets arrested as a "pervert, fairy, draft dodger"! At other moments comic Spanish soldiers strut like automated GIs and go through rifle drill with crutches. Between scenes a gravel-voiced puppet roars out anti-war ballads and leads the audience in chanting "Hell No; We Won't Go."

Olive Pits satirizes commercial agriculture, really an equally sensitive subject in this rich state. In it the Pantalone is a poor farmer who thinks he can beat the system by investing and becoming an olive grower. He turns his daughter's dowry over to a Scaramouche who steals it, cheats the daughter, and leaves him in debt at something like 75 per cent interest.

Thus, what unites the various elements of these two plays is their political purpose. Both are illustrations of the principle that any nimble, serious theatre today almost must be political. Ronnie Davis, who directs the Troupe, refers to it as "guerrilla theatre." He started it in 1959 as a sort of cell group within the San Francisco Actors Workshop, but two years later broke loose to try to play in public parks. The motto became "Commitment and Fresh Air," even though the park department did its best to stop performances and thus limit the latter. The legend is that it supports itself strictly on what its actors beg, wandering-player-like, from the audience at the end of each show; and of outdoor shows the legend is apparently true. But whatever the truth, the commitment endures and deepens. One basic reason is that any actor who will work under Mime Troupe conditions—dressing in privies or behind a truck, speaking over the noise of dogs, playgrounds and police sirens—*has* to

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be committed. (And in such places as Denver, Colo., and Calgary, Alberta, as well as the city of St. Francis, the police *have* committed them.)

But the Troupe is also an illustration of what may be a more important principle—that contemporary political theatre must be nonrealistic. As *Viet Rock* and *America Hurrah* are recent forms of surrealism, the Mime Troupe's commedias are a reawakening of prerealism. The conditions of outdoor playing almost demand commedia—loud voices, typed characters, exaggerated gestures and easily followed plots (even if ornately complicated). But the reason these old commedia methods work so well is that their dramatic grossness corresponds remarkably to the actual grossness of Vietnam America: its fat malproportioned wealth, its hypocrisy and cant, its mummified code of values.

But the beautiful thing about the Mime Troupe, unlike more ephemeral kinds of nonrealistic satire, is that these classical gestures and situations are not only so peculiarly representational but also so earthy, powerful and clear. Compared to the recent spate of satirical reviews, which are sometimes described as modernized commedia or "our form of it," the Mime Troupe plays are fresher and bolder. The smartly dressed review audiences want wisecracks which will hold their attention only while the lights are out and they sip a $1.50 Scotch. To the park audiences—parents and kids and the dropouts and rejects who have always been the inhabitants of city parks in America—Pantalone, Scaramouche and the lovely busty maidens mean a great deal more than the new night-club wit. A sophisticated theatregoer will see these stereotypes as remote and historical, while a park-goer simply recognizes the types—the cheating businessman, the loan shark, and wronged and angry girls. And the basis of such a recognition is the growing knowledge—of enormous political potential—that we are, and are surrounded by, *types*, of which the commedia ones are a good, popularly usable index. Commedia can thus flow into our public consciousness as an improved way of seeing.

In the future, however, Mime Troupe commedias might have to discard certain other residual traces of foreign times and places. My criticism of these two productions—at least at the shows I saw—is that there are still minor difficulties in following plots and in knowing, at some moments, when and to what degree some actors are in character and when not. With another kind of theatre such troubles could be fatal. They aren't here because the Mime Troupe uses so many forms of hilarity and because the troubles are a consequence of riches, not deficiencies. The Troupe also demands its freedom to experiment, to keep trying new improvisations for each new audience. What might be done, for example, with the great gap between American hippy life and all the ancient fusses about dowries and inviting suitors to dinner? There is surely a lot of comedy to be made from such disjunctions, though requiring considerable economy to succeed without sacrificing other things. Commedia could be stronger if it were selectively further domesticated, as the Troupe did earlier with its *Modern Minstrel Show: Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel.* Aren't there other formulaic characters and plots which would be more easily followed? One of the Troupe's former members, Luis Valdez, has found some by starting a grape pickers' theatre in Delano, El Teatro Campesino, which uses stock characters like the broker, the boss, the striker and the scab.

Let there be no doubt, though, that the Mime Troupe is on its way—and also on its way east this October for another tour of college and university theatres and shows at places on the underground circuit like the Firehouse Theater in Minneapolis. Above-ground San Francisco now distrusts this guerrilla troupe to the extent that neither of the two remaining daily papers has reviewed this summer's plays. I suspect there are a lot of people among the city's Dottores, Capitanos and Scaramouches who will be very glad to have it leave town for a while—which, of course, is the Old West's kind of low-down, dirty honor.

OCTOBER: DEAD STEER

"Bloated" the herdsman ascertains, and phones
the man who'll buy and render what he can.
Toward the beast stiff as a wineskin, tank-shaped,
over chewed-down grass the herd drifts in a cloud.

At last, five daylight hours since day lit—
the first among them reaches their fellow,
smells him or nudges. Two others follow.
Then a dozen. They have nothing to say.

Behind them a gleaner chews the pale cornfield—
hurried back and forth, its diesel roar
heard never by Sidney Spenser Lodge
Jonson Milton in their Arcadies.

The crowd takes turns noiselessly to look,
real curiosity, detached and brief.
When he brings a wagonload of feed
they shake their grass-stained knees and raise one voice

following the herdsman where he drives,
their brother left in the empty place.
Back and forth the yellow reaper runs
spitting out waste, more and more field left bare.

Fed, they go on making the same bad paths,
same vast immodesties, sexual blunders, doomed tries
and battles: none enthusiastic.
Lick each other and, with cow hearts, keep close.

The man with the truck comes and takes away
the solitude that moaned, then chilly lay
like bare field, where the reaper finishing—
swollen with the corn—turns off its sound.

BINK NOLL

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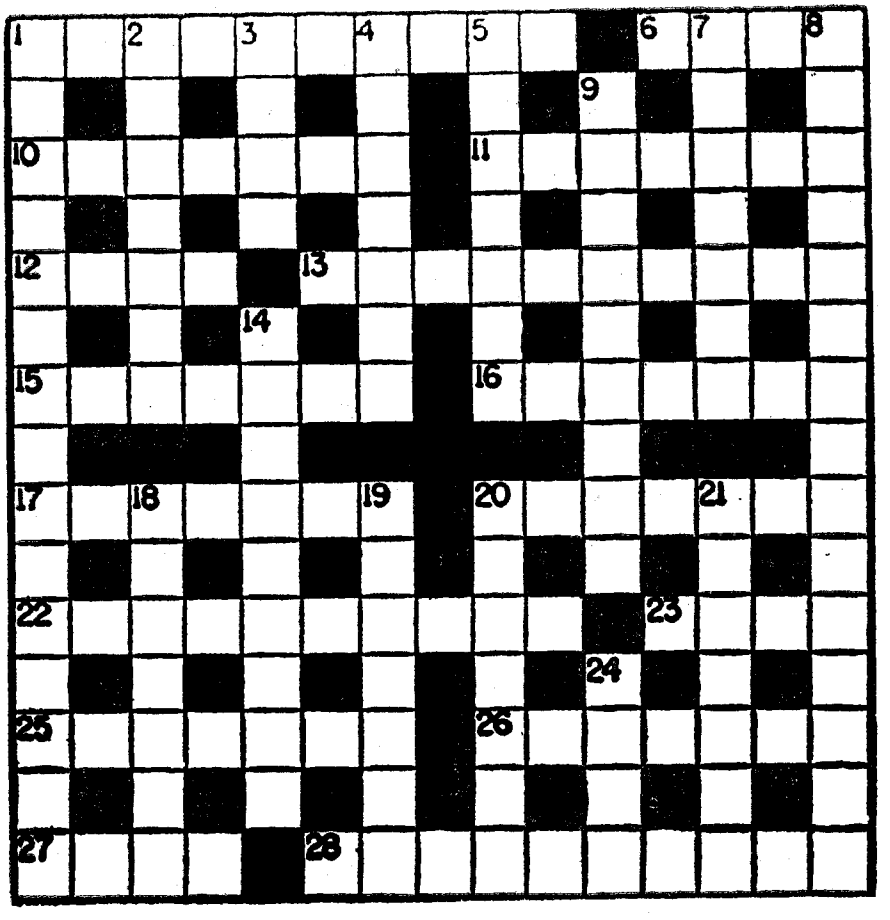
Crossword Puzzle No. 1213

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The source is found in Lincoln's early folk. (10)
6 and 1 down Honest and fair on the adjacent face of the cube, as more prosperous times were termed. (4,6,3,6)
10 Sandy might describe his head according to folk-lore. (7)
11 Paid informer with a way of divvying things up. (3,4)
12 Star some distance above Richmond? (4)
13 and 18 down Evidently the martyr liked everything hot and spicy. (1,3,3,3,7)
15 Trained to make up at least part of the down payment. (5-2)
16 The sign of the orient in back of the oriental? (7)
17 Linen suit expected to bring out the following expression? (2,5)
20 Where the occupants may be scaled according to their environment. (7)
22 Nothing has a faint trace like stone. (10)
23 The part of the check that makes the trip possible. (4)
25 Born high-class, but once inside gets changed for a time. (7)
26 Blemish, and where the spot is marked it's possibly made red. (7)
27 Daring outbreak? (4)
28 Someone said they don't make prisons for such as Jackson! (5,5)

DOWN:

1 See 6 across
2 What comes toward the end of the year shortly has a way of making the girl.
3 The auctioneer might hope to hear the same thing. (4)
4 One can't say "it's just like a man!" (7)
5 Not necessarily 10d to the British, despite the sound. (7)
7 The adjective doesn't apply to knowing people. (7)
8 Made up like an Austrian girl, but really pretty American. (8,7)
9 Obviously big circus, but no big-top. (9)
14 Used to rate the good-natured spirits going around. (9)
18 See 13 across
19 The case is confused by rather legal terminology. (7)
20 Proving there's a little spirit in an attributive type of name. (7)
21 It sometimes happens when the panel is hung. (7)
24 Depicted a well-known stage family. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1212

ACROSS: 1 Caloric; 5 Bucolic; 9 Nacelle; 10 Gouache; 11 Freight stations; 12 Respond; 13 Darkest; 14 Blessed; 17 Heralds; 20 Understandingly; 21 Raiders; 22 Spanish; 23 Dresses; 24 Pattern. DOWN: 1 Conifer; 2 Lockers; 3 Religious orders; 4 Crested; 5 Bigoted; 6 Counter-irritant; 7 Lactose; 8 Cresset; 14 Blurred; 15 Endwise; 16 Detests; 17 Hands up; 18 Ignite; 19 Say when.

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a nation-wide call to women

Challenge the Draft Calls

say:

No More Men for Vietnam

More and more young Americans are saying "No" to the draft and "No" to the Vietnam war. Thousands face jail, court martial or exile because they refuse to participate in an immoral, illegal and unjust war which proceeds without the clear consent of the American people.

These courageous young men are acting for all Americans who oppose the war, but who feel powerless to stop it. For, when a government acts without consent and all petitions to reverse its action fail, then refusal to carry out unauthorized governmental orders is the fundamental obligation of citizens in a democracy.

Come to Selective Service Headquarters
Wednesday, September 20th, Wash., D.C.

Join us—

Show that American women want their sons to build, not bomb.

Show that American women support the brave boys who say "No".

On September 20th **we women will pledge:**

to assist those young men whose conscience has led them to resist the draft.

to encourage all American women to join us in a massive movement which will force our government to reverse its unauthorized policies.

to unseat those men in office who deny the needs of black and white citizens for a decent, democratic and peaceful America.

Launch a Women's Resistance Movement

Board the Women Strike for Peace Bus Caravan. Bring your lunch. Buses will make dinner stop....

or ...

Come on your own, or fill a car, plane or bus from your own community. Placards will be provided. Assemble at White House gate at 12:30 PM. Later to rally across the street and then a few blocks to Selective Service Headquarters.

Women Strike for Peace
799 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10003

I want to support the boys who resist the draft.....Send more information.

$.....enclosed to help your peace work.

$.....enclosed for.....bus tickets. ($8 round trip from all points in the N.Y. Metropolitan area. Schedules and departure points will be enclosed with your tickets. Call your local office of Women Strike for Peace for travel information in other areas.)

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